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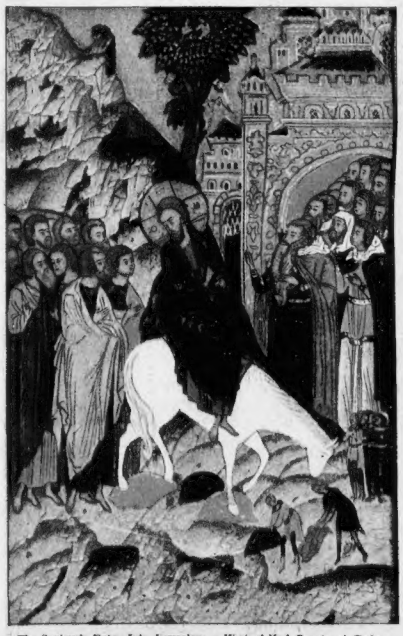
Sunday, July 5, 1936

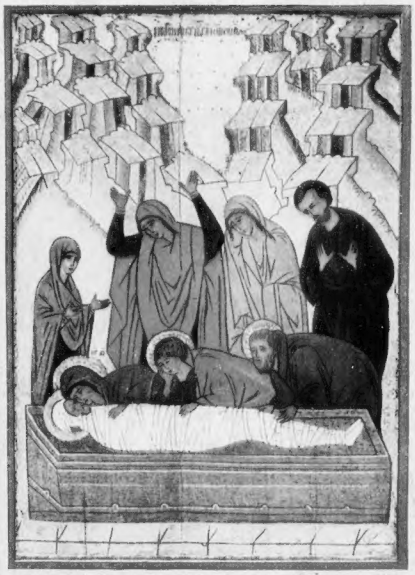
Scenes In The Saviour's Life Depicted On Russian Icons

St. John the Baptist Baptizing Penitents in the River Jordan, a Noble Creation in the Style of the Early Master of Icons, Dionysius.

The Saviour Washing His Apostles' Feet, With St. Peter Standing on the High Step, a Beautiful Creation in Iconic Art.



The Saviour's Entry Into Jerusalem, a Work of Much Beauty of Color and Dignity of Composition, One of the Last in This Fine Style.



The Saviour's Entombment, a Work of Great Beauty, Distinguished by the Unusual Dramatic Feeling in the Figures About the Tomb.

The Nativity of the Saviour, a Beautiful Icon of the Stroganov School of the Late Sixteenth Century.

OLD RUSSIA possessed no greater artistic treasures than the countless icons of its great churches, depicting every scene in the Saviour's life and most of the famous personages of the Bible.

What has become of the vast majority of these icons under the topsy-turvy Bolshevik rule it is impossible to say, but some of the finest have been preserved by cultured and pious Russians who succeeded in escaping abroad with their lives and a few of their possessions. Professor N. P. Kondakov, a great Russian scholar and authority on icons, assembled sixty-five reproductions of the finest of these ancient artistic creations.

Five striking examples of this interesting ancient religious art are shown here. The greatest beauty of composition is displayed in "The Entry Into Jerusalem," the deepest devotional sense in "The Nativity," and the profound spirit of sorrow in "The Entombment of the Saviour." The dramatic feeling expressed in the figures in the last picture is quite remarkable, as this form of art is usually marked by repose, not to say stiffness. The background, however, is thoroughly conventional.

New Trick Camera Makes Riding Queen a Sextette

In All the World There Aren't a Dozen Young Women Who Ride More Daringly or More Gracefully Than Dorothy Herbert, a Circus Star, Who Holds Her Hands Over Her Head While Her Mount, "Satan," Leaps Over a Six-Foot Hurdle. But It Required a High-Speed Camera and an Expert Photographer to Make This Remarkable "Shot" Showing Every Stage of the Jump. Six Pictures Were Snapped a Fraction of a Second Apart and Then Combined to Make the Riding Queen Into Six of a Kind.

AT first glance the spirited photograph at the right seems to be one of those remarkable action pictures that cameramen always are after but seldom get. Six pretty, daring and skilful equestrians appear to be taking a high hurdle in perfect form—in better style than the best of the crack military riders can manage.

As an artist looking at the photograph would say, it has rhythm. The action is syncronized and graceful. But there's a trick to it that has more to do with modern high-speed photography than with horsemanship. There are not six girls and six horses in the picture: there's only one girl and one horse. The young woman's name is Dorothy Herbert and her mount is the celebrated Satan, one of the world's best jumpers. It is no trouble at all for him to take a six-foot hurdle with his courageous mistress in the saddle.

How was the stunt managed? Well, a photographer with one of the most modern of high-speed cameras went to the circus lot where Miss Herbert rules as riding queen. He stationed himself a few feet from the high barrier and signaled the rider to "Let her go!"

She touched Satan with one of her unspurred shoes and the show was on. The instant Satan started to take off, the camera whirred. Every split second an image of the horse and the rider—declining to use reins—was imposed on the film. A dozen or more "shots" were taken from the time the team left the ground on the far side of the hurdle until the horse's front feet touched earth on the side where the cameraman stood. The whole procedure took less than ten seconds.

He found that he had covered the complete action of the spectacular performance in six exposures which he cleverly put together to make the composite picture above. With a little work by an artist who knows how to assemble and touch up such multiple exposures, Miss Herbert was transformed into a sextette and Satan, almost as famous as his rider, was similarly multiplied.

The riding queen, who travels all over the country thrilling spectators with her horsemanship, doesn't need high-speed photography to make her a star. She is, admittedly, one of the most courageous and skilful riders in the world and there's many a cavalryman who wishes he could sit a horse as well as she does. Even when Miss Herbert takes hurdles that the average cowgirl would hesitate to attempt, she exhibits perfect form and, as the picture above shows, scorns the use of reins.

Found—A Grandmother's Clock

This Grandmother's Clock, Actually Fashioned in the Shape of a Woman, Is One of the Prized Relics in a Finnish Museum.

THE GRANDFATHER'S clocks that tick off the time in many an American home fortunate enough to have such things bear no resemblance to anyone's grandpop—unless the fact that they are tall and have a face roughly suggesting a human face can be called imitative. But over in Finland a few lucky families, and several of the country's museums, have hung onto grandmother's clocks that really look as though some buxom beldame had been the inspiration and the model for their lines. The photograph at the left shows one of the old and valuable relics that holds a prominent place in a Finnish museum where, every year, it is seen by thousands of visitors.

The Scandinavian cabinet-maker who designed the case for the clock must have had a sense of humor as well as great skill at the art of working on precious wood. Without sacrificing a thing to utility, he managed to make the object suggest a domineering old woman, primly dressed and with her hands on her hips.

Almost everyone who sees the odd timepiece smiles because he, or she, recalls some member of the family who tried to rule the affairs of the clan with a firm hand and, at one time or another, struck such a pose in delivering an opinion or issuing an edict.

The ornamentation of the old clock indicates grandma went in for plain and traditional fashions, wore a lace cap—which most Finnish old women do—and had a pair of big, if neatly shod, feet.

Like the American grandfather's clock, the grandmother's clock has chains and weights which move slowly up and down her roomy insides as the hours go by. Most of these clocks have musical chimes that strike the quarter and the half hour as well as the hour. The chimes have a bell-like tone pleasing to the ear.

A few of the grandmother's clocks, made in the last years of the nineteenth century, have metal works. But most of them have wooden cogs and gears. The old-timers seem to keep time as accurately as the later models.

It is said that alert antique dealers have scoured Finland for such clocks which might have been passed down from generation to generation in a few families. But they haven't had much luck. Owners of these oddities are holding on to them.

A Streamlined Automobile That Looks Like a Whale

WITH American, British and German automotive engineers turning their talents to the designing of streamlined motor cars, the French have come to the conclusion that it's time they got into the parade—and, as usual, their entry is, in many ways, the most revolutionary and radical machine of the lot.

This is not to say that the French car, shown in the photographs at the right, is an impractical freak. When its inventor, Andre Dubonnet, piloted it on its trial runs, with automobile officials checking up on the performance of his ultra-modern vehicle, the machine behaved perfectly. It held the road well at speeds of a mile-a-minute and more and, despite the fact that it looks like a whale on wheels, developed this speed with a comparatively small power plant using much less fuel than most standard makes of automobiles of the same weight and horsepower.

Like all of the new streamlined cars, the "whale" is built close to the ground and is fashioned something on the lines of a tear-drop, which, scientists say, is the ideal shape to cut air resistance to a minimum. It might seem to a layman that the nose of the machine is too broad to split the air efficiently, but M. Dubonnet says that the lines of his car are just about right. The nose is broad, that's true, but it is also curved and smooth, and the entire vehicle is so designed that the wind sweeps away from the gleaming snout and does not form "eddies" of swirling air currents that press against the rear end to slow it up.

When This Ultra-Modern Streamlined Automobile Made Its Appearance on the Streets of Paris, Pedestrians Dubbed It the "Mechanical Whale." Its Designer, Andre Dubonnet, Thinks It Will Break All Speed Records for Stock Cars.

——And Left——

As This Picture Shows, the Driver of the "Whale" Sits Way Up in Its Smooth Nose, and He and the Passengers Get Into the Machine by a Curved Door That Forms Half of the Vehicle's Air-Resisting Snout.

Incidentally, the rear of the Dubonnet machine is as interesting and unusual as its front. It tapers to a point and looks whale-like here, too. A fin-like rudder, about four feet from top to bottom, projects from the tail of the machine and most of the steering is done by moving this shining, metal flipper to left, or right, as the road requires. Even at high speed the car responds quickly to the movements of this tail, controlled by a mechanism by the driver.

Mudguards have been eliminated and the headlights are set flush with the body so that the equipment for lighting the road at night will not catch wind and reduce the machine's efficiency.

The driver, as the photographs plainly show, sits way in the nose of the streamlined car, and has exceptionally clear visibility. There's no long hood in front of him and he can look through the curved "windshield," which is continuous with the glass that admits light to the rest of the car, to the right and the left as well as forward.

The inside is remarkably roomy and comfortably accommodates four people beside the driver. Entrance is through a wide door which, when closed, forms half the highly polished nose of the mechanical whale.

Automotive engineers who have ridden in the car, seen it perform and studied its plans have commended the inventor for the efficiency of his motor. It's smaller than most engines used for cars as large as this one and is tucked away in a small compartment at the extreme rear of the machine. It doesn't take up any more room than the usual space for luggage.

The "engine room" is cleverly ventilated so that all odors of gasoline and oil are swept out behind and never find their way into the tonneau. A ventilator set in the nose of the machine provides a constant supply of fresh air for the interior and the stale air passes out through a small vent in the rear. Neither of these openings in the smooth "hull" cuts down the speed of the machine.

Monsieur Dubonnet is not a man given to boastfulness. But he does believe, and is not at all backward about saying so, that his machine is about the best of the streamlined cars being experimented with today.

"The car may look like a whale, as some people have remarked," he says, "but its body sheds air like a duck's back sheds water. Just to drive the machine gives you the feeling that it is sliding through the air with almost no resistance.

"I suppose that all such cars will look rather strange for a time because they are so radically different from the cars we are used to driving and seeing on the highway. But a few years from now all automobiles will be streamlined for the sake of economy and efficiency, and people will get used to the fish-like bodies."

It is M. Dubonnet's hope that his "whale" will be turned out in quantity within the next two or three years.

The headlights of the machine have attracted the attention of safety experts all over Europe. They are located less than a foot from the ground, about on a level with the hubcaps of the front wheels. They are so focussed that they throw a brilliant beam of light ahead of the machine for more than a hundred feet, yet they are so low that they cannot shine in the eyes of approaching drivers.

Even the license plate is streamlined. It is, as the picture shows, at the bottom of the center of the nose and follows the contour of the body. M. Dubonnet came in for considerable spoofing for carrying his streamline ideas to this seemingly unimportant detail, but he is perfectly serious when he says that there's only one way to get the highest efficiency out of a motor car and that's to pay attention to the little details as well as the big ones.

When the Cat's Away This Rat Gets Lonesome

"FLUFFY," the husky tabby cat shown below, has a strange streak in him that is distinctly unfeline. The photograph, taken during a romp with his friend "Mickey," is ample proof of that.

The cat and the rat belong to the C. J. Olsens, of Salt Lake City, and everybody in the neighborhood has dropped in to see these supposed natural enemies wrestle and roll around the floor like a couple of pups.

What ever got into "Fluffy" to make such shenanigans possible is hard to say, and it's no easier to explain why the rat doesn't keep away from a creature that should, by all the deep-laid laws of nature, make a meal of him.

Mrs. Olsen lays it all to the cat's surprising good nature—and to the rat's apparent lack of fear of this particular member of the feline species. "From the first time they met," she says, "'Mickey' behaved as though he were perfectly safe and 'Fluffy' couldn't seem to turn killer in the presence of such foolhardy trust. It's a sight to see them playing hide-and-seek."

"Fluffy," a Husky Tiger Cat, and "Mickey," a White Rat, Are the Best of Pals. They Are the Prized Pets of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Olsen, of Salt Lake City.

The City That "Flapjacked" Its Lazy Customers

THE good people of Falls City, Nebraska, are still talking about the strange and simple—and effective—way in which they induced the farmers roundabout to get out of the habit of staying on their acres and not coming into town to be neighborly and, what's equally important, spend money.

It seems that during the hard days of Winter the country folks laid in ample supplies of the things they needed, and because it was so freezing cold and the roads were blocked with snow they sort of got out of the habit of driving into the trading center as often as was their custom. Even when Spring came and travel was tolerable many of the farmers stuck to their places. The shopkeepers and professional men soon developed a case of "till fever." Their tills didn't play that pleasant tune that accompanies the introduction of hard coin and paper currency in the little drawers and they were worried.

The situation called for action, so a few of the brighter merchants and city fathers put their heads together and arrived at a novel and amusing decision. They recalled that their customers on the outskirts of town were great ones for flapjacks and that the most popular church and grange get-togethers featured ample supplies of the pancakes with plenty of butter and syrup to go with the doughy discs.

So a party was planned and every farmer for miles around was bidden, by mail and telephone, to drop into town of a certain day and, free of cost, consume all the flapjacks he could eat. He was to bring his wife, his children and his hired men, if any, with him, for there would be plenty for all.

The place picked for the party was the Immanuel Evangelical Church, and the women folks of that house of worship would do the honors. From 10 o'clock in the morning until 5 o'clock in the afternoon they intended to demonstrate how good flapjacks can be and also that they could keep up with an army of visitors. The main dish would be augmented by gallons of hot coffee.

The day of the flapjack fest five thousand people rolled into town. They came in flivvers and wagons, a few, on bicycles. At least five hundred tillers of the soil walked into Falls City—and everybody stowed away a lot of flapjacks.

The scheme worked. Solid commercial and social relations were re-established and the storekeepers have been doing a normal business ever since.

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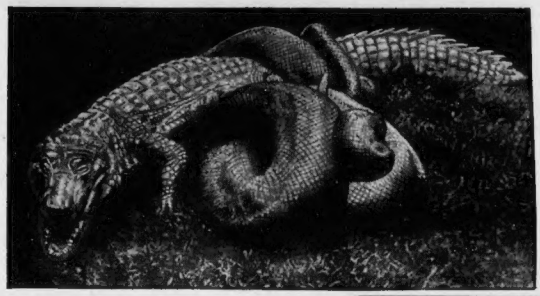
In the Deadly Coils of a 28-Foot Python

Agonizing Struggle of Two Animal Dealers With a Vicious Jungle Snake They Were Trying to Muzzle While They Washed Its Scaly Skin



A Crocodile Slowly Squeezed to Death in the Coils of a Python.

Suddenly the Snake Wound Three Coils Around Loughney's Leg and Thigh, and With Another Twist Sent a Coil Around His Left Arm. As Wilson Came to the Rescue the Snake Shot Forward, Made a Turn Around His Arm and Closed Its Jaws on His Hand. Loughney's Arm Began to Turn Blue From the Pressure and Wilson Felt His Hand Being Slowly Drawn Toward the Snake's Throat.

"HEY there, officer! Don't shoot that snake—he'll keep right on squeezing us after he is dead." No wonder the police didn't believe that statement.

Most everybody knows that a python, 28 feet long and weighing 200 pounds, is a dangerous snake. Clifford Wilson and Frank J. Loughney, of Cleveland, Ohio, knew this and most everything else to be known about pythons because they are reptile experts.

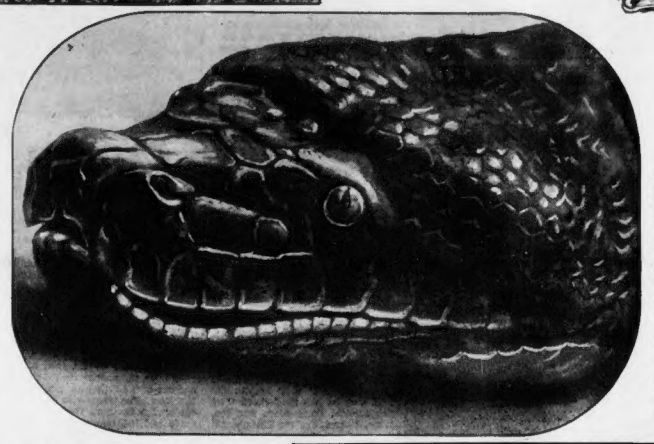
But, like absent-minded college professors, they forgot one little thing the other day and it almost cost them their lives, after a 45-minute losing battle. Only the fact that pythons take their time about killing and three snake-expert friends arrived with the police before the time was quite up, saved their lives.

Wilson, who is 45 years old, had just paid for the snake, which had arrived C.O.D. from Singapore, Straits Settlements, after a 65-day trip. It was worth $1,500, so Wilson and his partner were anxious to do everything they could for their lengthy pet's health and comfort. A room, nine by twelve, had been set aside for the snake, which may seem cramped, but snakes, having no elbows, don't want elbow room.

Its 200 pounds of muscle, gristle and bone had arrived in a box only four feet long, three feet wide and two feet high. The Malay snake-catchers hadn't wasted much more space than sardine packers do, but the reptile was comfortable enough. It improved the occasion by shedding its skin, or scaling, as it is called—and sleeping.

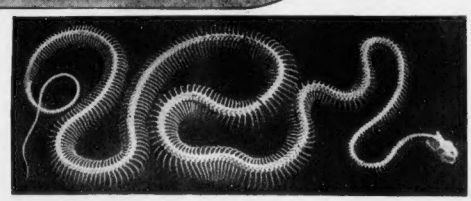
This scaling made it necessary to give the snake a bath or it would get sore spots, which would not look well when it was to be shown at the Great Lakes Exhibition. To bathe the snake it would be necessary to take it out of the box and to do this it would be prudent to have a muzzle, that would fit the snake's head.

A python is not poisonous, but it has a mouth as big as that of a large-sized dog, with plenty of teeth and the ability to unhook its jaws, making it possible to swallow a man's leg or even the whole of a small-sized person. The snake's head is as large and hard as the hoof of a horse; it can strike a terrific blow with it and has a reach of about twenty feet. Knowing this, the two men had no desire to box with it in a 9x12 ring. The muzzle not only prevents the python from using its teeth but for some reason also keeps it from using that knock-out punch.



Life-Size Head of the 28-Foot, 200-Pound Python.

Mr. Wilson and Mr. Loughney Photographed When They Finally Slipped the Muzzle Over the Great Snake. This Was Several Days After the Battle With the Python and the Bandages Can Be Seen on Wilson's Hand.



Interesting Photograph of the Mounted Skeleton of a Python, Showing Its Flexible Backbone and Multitudinous Ribs.

The men whitewashed the window of the snake's room, partly to prevent a curious crowd from obstructing traffic, but even more to keep the python from looking out. If it did, it might punch out a pane and take a walk in the streets of Cleveland, which would be bad because some people have a prejudice against snakes 28 feet long.

As soon as the box arrived the partners in the snake business opened it cautiously to see what they had gotten for their money. Pythons, like many other kinds of reptiles, become fairly tame in captivity, so that a keeper they know and like gets to pulling and hauling them around as if they were coils of old cable. But this was a "green" snake, an untamed one, that had been shipped soon after it was caught and had not found out yet that his captors did not intend to kill and eat it. With that idea still in the snake's mind it was likely to do its best toward killing and even partly eating its owners.

However, the snake looked dead and felt quite cold. Of course, a snake always feels cold, and this one was alive because it moved slightly. Wilson lifted the head and measured it for a muzzle.

"Pretty dopey; hope he isn't going to die on us," he remarked as the head fell back like a dead weight.

"It's a cold day," said Loughney hopefully. "He'll be lively enough when it gets warm."

"I hope so," said Wilson as he went out to buy the muzzle.

Next morning they were ready to bathe their snake, which they had tentatively named "Big Boy."

"It's going to be a hot day and he ought to get better," prophesied Loughney as Wilson opened the cover wide.

"He's better already," agreed the partner as the head rose of its own accord, and Wilson grabbed and held it. Both men had forgotten that sometimes it takes only a short period of warmth to rouse a snake from the torpidity of cold if the snake is "green." Holding the snake's neck in one hand, Wilson tried to put on the muzzle with the other.

"Hold him quiet, will you, till I get this thing on," asked Wilson, lurching around like a drunken man.

"I'm trying to," came the reply, "but he's all out."

Big Boy's coming out of the box was like the release of a twenty-eight-foot coiled spring.

"Well, why don't you get hold up at this end?" Wilson wanted to know.

"Because he's got hold of me down at this end." Loughney grunted in reply. Wilson took a quick look at his partner and told him:

"All right, never mind."

But it was not all right with either of them. Big Boy had looped himself three times around Loughney's left thigh. But years of experience as assistant curator of the Washington Zoo, made him lose no time in pushing the coils away from his abdomen where they would quickly be fatal, down his leg as far as possible, before the pressure became too tight to permit moving it. He had gotten them about half way to his knee when the snake shot a coil around Frank's arm too.

"Keep away as far as you can," he urged Wilson, "so he won't have slack enough to take any more turns on me. It's about all I can take now."

Loughney's bare arm was already blue with the strangulated circulation and no doubt so was his leg under his trouser.

"Get that muzzle on and get help," he advised.

"Okay," answered Wilson, trying to sound cheerful, "but these leather straps are new and stiff."

A snake's muzzle is like a dog's muzzle except that it has two straps and buckles. The trouble had been stiffness of the leather at the start, but it was worse than that now. The snake had closed its teeth on part of the muzzle, making progress in muzzling impossible. If he let go of that unmuzzled head, Big Boy would probably, knock him cold with one of those terrific punches and finish both of them.

"I had to take a chance," Wilson explained at the hospital, afterward, "and I tried to hold the head with my left, which is a two-handed job for any man when a snake is as big and roused up as this one. With my right I tried to get the muzzle clear of his teeth.

"That was just what the snake wanted. Letting go of the muzzle it closed on my thumb and first two fingers, with his fifty-two pointed teeth. He must have gotten them all in because the doctors counted fifty-two punctures. The pain was so sharp that I lost my head and moved in close. In another second he had a coil around my right arm too and had us both down on the floor.

"I heard Frank's voice pleading with me to keep away because the snake at the same time had managed to throw two more loops around his legs. I was lying on my stomach and now got up, moved as far as I could from Frank and took time to think. One thing was plain enough to both of us—that we were both goners unless we could get help.

"Everything was in the snake's favor so far. He had Frank helpless with both legs and one arm in a vise-like grip. He had my right hand in his mouth and for good measure a coil around my arm. As long as he continued to bite my hand that kept his mouth from doing anything worse to us and as long as he did not coil around our necks, chests or abdomens, we could live a while. But we were getting weaker and the snake stronger all the time. It would not be long before he would shift his grip to our vital organs which would be the finish."

A python kills by constriction, which is different from a strong man or a bear trying to hug you to death. Their grip would be worst at the start and after a while when they got tired it would become less severe. Constriction works on a different principle.

It is not bad at all at first and tightens very slowly but with every minute it gets worse and never stops getting worse for a couple of hours or more. A queer thing about it is that if you blow a constrictor's head off, the constriction keeps right on for thirty minutes to an hour longer.

The room was small, and Wilson managed to get to the door and with his free hand unbolted it and threw it open. Then Loughney and Wilson took turns yelling for help. Just then a rooster in his crate started to crow. He had little to crow about because he was destined to be the snake's dinner whichever way the fight turned out. Finally a boy stuck his head in the door and said: "What ya doing, Mister?"

Wilson told him to run for help but he wouldn't until the men explained why they wanted help. When he learned that it was a live snake, he ran away howling and didn't come back. After a while two men looked in and one of them remarked: "That's a pretty good act you are putting on. Is it a live snake?"

"Yes, and it is killing us. For God's sake get the police."

"All right, if you aren't kidding," said one of them doubtfully, and he did go. There was another long wait and the men were about all in when finally two policemen came. They took one look, drew their guns and were going to blow Big Boy's head off.

"I begged them not to," said Wilson, "and they thought I was crazy when I told them that the snake would keep right on squeezing us long after he was dead. They were going to shoot him anyway but just then three friends of ours arrived, Max H. Kimmerer, of Miami, Fla., and G. A. Lyons and Albert Markell, of Cleveland. They know snakes and went to work, prying Big Boy's mouth open with one of the cop's clubs. Then the three of them hanging onto his head they unwound him from my arm. I fainted but came to in time to help unroll Frank, who could not stand up for a long time.

"After that we put Big Boy in the box which was the hardest job of all. Then we went to the hospital. The doctors said my wounds were dangerous and didn't want me to go back that day. I explained that we might have injured some of the pythons' teeth which would have to be pulled. Also he might have swallowed my thumbnail which would make him sick unless he had medical treatment. One of the cops on hearing this, said to the other:

"'I've always thought men who like snakes are nutty and now I know it.'

"But that is a fine, healthy snake, that cost us a lot of money. Next day, with plenty of help we gave him his bath and fed him that fool rooster."

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Sad Climax To The Career Of Rhoda, Famous Model

PHOTOS © BY DOROTHY WILDING

An Interesting Study of Rhoda, the Most Popular Model of Her Day. She Is Mourned Throughout Her Country.

Striking Profile of Rhoda Beasley, Whose Death Recently Followed a Motor Accident, But Whose Name and Face Are Immortalized in Many Paintings by British Artists.

TEN YEARS ago a famous painter, walking to his studio through the streets of Chelsea, the British capital's Bohemian quarter, saw a golden-haired child playing in the street. He stopped and watched her, finally called to her to ask her name and her age.

"Rhoda Beasley," the child said shyly, "and I'll be thirteen my next birthday," wondering why a stranger should be interested in such details.

A few moments later the painter was sitting in the little parlor of the girl's home talking with her mother, telling her that she had one of the most beautiful and graceful children he ever had seen and that he wanted the girl to pose for him.

The other day that same artist walked in the same little front room, stood for a moment before an open coffin and made no effort to keep back the tears that filled his eyes.

"Poor Rhoda," he mumbled. "It doesn't seem possible that she's dead. So young. So beautiful. And so much to live for."

In one way or another half of the eminent painters and sculptors in England said the same thing and the papers printed columns about her tragic and untimely death, although thousands of Londoners never had heard of the young woman.

On the day of her funeral a dozen bobbies kept the narrow street clear before the weatherbeaten frame house where she lived with her father, a porter in a department store, her mother and her brothers and sisters. One after another gleaming limousines and town cars rolled up to the door.

The Marchioness of Queensberry got out of one of these cars. From the others came many a celebrity—Mr. John Hay, the artist, whose portrait of the dead girl was the outstanding canvas in the Royal Academy show in 1932; Captain Bryan French, another famous painter, and Gerald Reitlinger, the world-famous archeologist, who has also made a name for himself as an artist. Each of them had added to his fame by capturing Rhoda's beauty on canvas.

These and other of Britain's bigwigs mingled with the neighbors of the Beasleys who had no idea that Rhoda knew so many important people. They knew she was an artists' model, but none of them suspected that she counted the nobility among her friends.

The coffin was piled high with flowers, more of them than could be packed in the small room with its worn carpet. Beside a huge bouquet of roses from Her Grace, the Marchioness of Queensberry was an inexpensive bunch of field flowers. The gilded paper letters on the ribbon spelt: "Aunt Teenie."

One alert reporter, sensing a story in the modest bouquet that hardly was noticed among the wreaths from Rhoda Beasley's more prominent friends, talked to the boys and girls in the neighborhood and with their fathers and mothers.

In his account of the funeral he wrote this comment: "Until death cut short the life of Rhoda Beasley, most of the people with whom she was brought up—and among whom she preferred to live—had little idea of her position in the world of art. The newspapers found nothing sensational in her mode of life—not even in the motor-car accident that shortened her days—and the young woman seldom mentioned her achievements."

The passing of Rhoda Beasley was doubly sad because she apparently had recovered from the minor injuries she suffered when an automobile in which she was riding with a friend ran into another machine. But the shock of the accident accelerated a cancerous condition that the doctors discovered when she was taken to the hospital after the crash.

The model, as distinguished for her modesty and quiet mode of life as for her nymphlike beauty and grace, never knew that she was doomed to an untimely grave. She had returned to the studios after the surface wounds of her mishap had healed and had been posing for more than a year when she was taken back to the hospital. "Just for a rest," Lady Queensberry told Rhoda. But Her Grace knew the tragic truth.

PHOTOS © BY DOROTHY WILDING

Exotic Portrait of Rhoda Made a Few Weeks Before the Accident, Two Years Ago, Which Caused Her Death Not Long Ago.

Left—No English Model Claimed a Prettier Figure Than Rhoda's. Her Symmetry and General Measurements Were Considered to Approach the Classic.

The Family of Twelve That Traveled 5,000 Miles In a Box Car

DURING the depression years American families have done strange and unusual things in their efforts to keep their heads above the troubled economic sea. But few menages took a longer chance than the Petterys of West Virginia, twelve strong, who traveled hobo-style more than 5000 miles in box cars only to land back where they started, worn out from their unsuccessful attempt to migrate to Oregon, and more than a little disillusioned about the good neighbor policy as practiced in the land for which Robert Pettery, the head of the wandering clan, fought during the World War.

Mr. Pettery sees now that his plan to get to the northwest corner of the map with eleven others—and without paying any transportation—had little chance to succeed. But he isn't sorry he tried and he hopes the day will come when he and his family can move to his native Oregon and try their hand at farming.

For weeks before they decided to quit the small town in West Virginia where they lived, the Petterys planned their ill-fated journey. Besides Mr. Pettery and his wife the outfit consisted of nine children ranging in age from seven months to fifteen years, and the war veteran's seventy-two-year-old father. Gypsy-like the migrators packed some 500 pounds of personal effects, including cooking utensils and a couple of bantam chickens.

Robert Pettery (Left), His Wife, a New Baby, Two Sons and His 72-Year-Old Father Photographed After Leaving the Box Car.

The day they set for the start they walked to the outskirts of the town and climbed into an open box car on a siding. In this car the dozen travelers made their way to New Orleans. The train made a few stops along the way and some of the boys were delegated to knock at back doors at houses near the railroad tracks and ask for food. They had fair success and managed to rustle enough rations to keep the group from going hungry.

The voyagers, besides Mr. and Mrs. Pettery and the aged William Pettery, who is spry despite the fact that he has lived more than the Biblical three score and ten, were: Robert, Jr., 16; Lindsey, 13; Raymond, 11; Elva, 11; George, 8, and Don, also, 8; Vernie, 5; Helen, 3, and Francis, a youngster of seven months.

It was no easy matter making this family comfortable in box cars and seeing that everybody got enough to eat, but the trick was done with the help of kind-hearted citizens along the route and American Legion posts to whom Mr. Pettery appealed when conditions got too tough.

At New Orleans the Petterys were forced to change trains. The luggage was transferred by the men and the older boys, the mother carried the baby and one of the little girls toted the two bantams. The transfer to another box car on the Southern Pacific Line was made and the family rattled through Texas to Yuma, Arizona. There they ran into the police stationed at the California border. The officers were sorry, but they had their orders and couldn't let the wanderers go through with the eventual hope of disembarking at Wallowa, Oregon.

Mr. Pettery, thinking that his war record might remove some of the barriers in his way enlisted the cooperation of legionnaires in California and Arizona, but the veterans found they could do nothing for their buddy—except to see that he and his family were fed—and the travelers were bundled into another box car and sent back along the route over which they had come.

When the discouraged dozen arrived back in San Antonio, Texas, the police transferred them from their car to a patrol and whisked them to headquarters. The mother and her youngsters were sent to a relief center and the two men were detained while the authorities checked their strange story.

The police were kind to the foolhardy family and, after a day or two, made arrangements for them to board another box car bound for their home in West Virginia.

This leg of the return trip took a couple of weeks and at times the food ran low.

The Petterys got little enjoyment or comfort out of their 5000-mile jaunt and hope that Uncle Sam will soon get around to paying the head of the family a bonus that will pay their way to Oregon.

Half a Dozen Additional Members of the Pettery Family, With Their Bulk of Baggage Carried on the Interesting Trip. The Little Girl on the Right Is Carefully Guarding Two Bantam Chickens.

Successor to the Teething Ring

THE Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children needn't wax indignant over the picture shown below, for the proud father and mother of this youthful citizeness of London wouldn't think of letting her inhale a single puff of tobacco smoke.

The youngster's name is Gillian Quennell and she's using one of her father's best briar pipes to help cut her new teeth. The pipe is a brand-new one and its bowl never has been filled with the "weed."

Gillian's mother had bought one of the traditional teething rings, but the child didn't seem to take to it. One day, during her toddlings about the room, she took one of her father's pipes from the rack on his desk. Mrs. Quennell swapped this pungent briar for a new one, which her daughter much preferred to the rubber ring.

ACME PHOTO

Interesting Photograph Exhibited Recently in London, Showing the Modern Refinement of the Old Teething-Ring. Parents Find an Ordinary Briar Pipe Serves in This Capacity, Though It Gives an Impression of Precocity.

The "Iron Man" of Camden, N.C.

EVERYBODY in Camden, North Carolina, knows the story behind a crude figure of metal that stands on the porch of Col. Mark Williams' plantation. They call this inanimate fellow the "Iron Man" and most of them are glad that the good old days during which this relic was used are gone—for the "Iron Man" served as a target for hot-blooded gentlemen who, according to Southern custom, settled their grievances with the duelling pistol.

The history of the "Iron Man" has been dug out and written for the American Guide, a handbook soon to be published by the Federal Government. And, as one of the workers who resurrected the facts about the object, enthusiastically said, "it makes a swell yarn."

Back in 1845 one Colonel Joseph P. Dickinson, who scaled more than six feet from his well polished boots to the crown of his meticulously groomed head, was challenged to a duel by a Major Smart. Both gentlemen were reputed to be crack shots.

Col. Dickinson, having no desire to depart this life while in his prime, made elaborate preparations for the contest on the field of honor. He bought a lot of iron which he had sent to a local blacksmith shop with instructions to have the stuff fabricated into the likeness of a man slightly over five feet tall—Major Smart stood five feet, six inches in his shoes.

The Colonel was frank about what his neighbors called the "Iron Man." He admitted that it was intended to be a model of Major Smart and that he, Dickinson, was going to have the object set up on his estate where, from time to time, he could bang away at it to keep his hand and his eye in trim.

On the morning of the duel, so the story goes, the Colonel arrived at the appointed place dressed in a green silk suit, about the color of the trees against which he stood. Calmly he swung around to fire at his antagonist and both men shot at the same time. Despite all his practice on the "Iron Man," Dickinson missed Smart and Smart's shot went wide, too.

The seconds got together and agreed that the honor of the principals had been satisfied, without loss of blood, and the "Iron Man," after several years of service as a target for other gentlemen with duels to fight, was tossed into a pond. It was not discarded, however, until an anti-dueling law was written into the State constitution.

Some years ago, when the pond was drained, the relic was resurrected and set up on Colonel Williams' front porch as a reminder of the chivalrous past.

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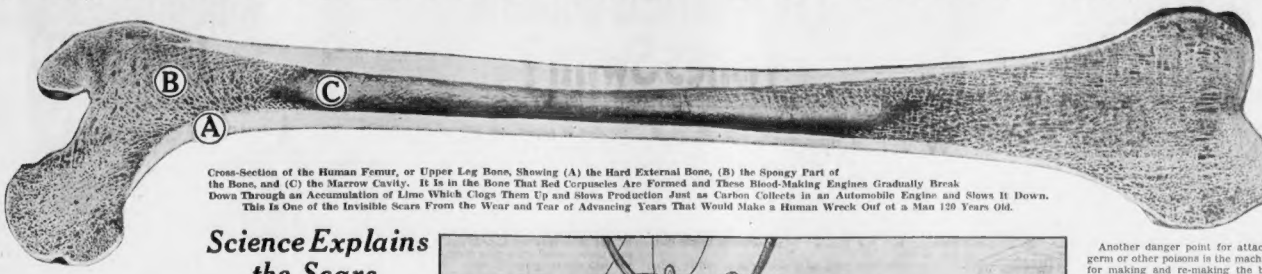
Possible to Live to 120—But What a Wreck!



Cross-Section of the Human Femur, or Upper Leg Bone, Showing (A) the Hard External Bone, (B) the Spongy Part of the Bone, and (C) the Marrow Cavity. It Is in the Bone That Red Corpuscles Are Formed and These Blood-Making Engines Gradually Break Down Through an Accumulation of Lime Which Clogs Them Up and Slows Production Just as Carbon Collects in an Automobile Engine and Slows It Down. This Is One of the Invisible Scars From the Wear and Tear of Advancing Years That Would Make a Human Wreck Out of a Man 120 Years Old.

Science Explains the Scars, Cracks, Breaks and Weaknesses a Human Being Would Accumulate in Such a Long Life Like a Scratched, Dented and Wobbly Old Piece of Furniture

DR. WILLIAM MALISOFF of Rutgers University asserts that men and women may be able before long to live to more than a hundred years, perhaps to the age of 120 years, or thereabouts. But what sort of a broken-down wreck would the 120-year-older be? Science can answer this and the picture of this aged person is not a very cheerful one.

Dr. Maliisoff points out that people who live to be 120 will end by carrying around in their bodies thousands of great, or tiny, scars caused by the manifold accidents of so long a life. Just as a piece of furniture that has been in daily use in some family for fifty years or so bears on its surface the scratches and blotches of thousands of household accidents or shows in its make-up the invisible weaknesses of many moments when it was over-strained or caught in a fire or left out in the rain, so the aging human body carries similar reminders of what has happened to it.

Most elderly people, now show by lost teeth or places where bones were broken or damaged internal organs or in dozens of other ways, the scars of accidents or attacks by disease germs. Every year of life would increase this. People of 120 or even of 100 would be veritable museums of such scars.

Some years ago the famous Canadian humorist, Stephen Leacock, wrote a short story about the Man in Asbestos, who lived in some future age when clothes were made of asbestos and cleaned when necessary merely by burning out the dirt in the furnace. In that age, too, all kinds of disease had been abolished, so that the only people who died were those who happened to get broken somehow or other in accidents. To avoid this tragic happening, the Man in Asbestos and all his contemporaries had ceased to do anything, even to move about except in grave necessity. Doing anything meant a chance of accident.

That would not be in the least a strange state of affairs if it were true that people actually could live to 120. Machines might be needed like the one pictured on this page by Charles Girod, in which the most fragile old people would be kept in a state of coma, and awakened now and then for periods of "life."

Statistics of ordinary kinds of accidents show that in spite of the enormous increase of these mishaps due to automobiles, there would be only about a ten to one chance of a person who could live to 120 being killed by accident. For people who ride much in automobiles the accident rate is higher.

The bodily scars of accidents that do not prove fatal are much more numerous. The autoist who sets out to live to 120 may expect, if he is an average individual, to have at least five serious bodily injuries, all due to automobiles.

From accidents not due to automobiles, the person expecting to live to be 120 also may expect to be injured at least twice in that time by serious falls. One will be at home, the other on the street or in public buildings. The same average person may expect to be burnt at least once by some kind of a fire. He, or she, will suffer at least eighteen cuts by knives or other sharp articles, but only one or two of these will be serious. He will be poisoned at least twice by bad food, but this is unlikely to be fatal. Gunshot wounds in peacetime and other rarer accidents such as being bitten by animals or struck by lightning or run over by a railway train will not happen even once in 120 years to the average individual, although some people will meet all of these mishaps.

All these figures are based on the mathematical theory of probability. As with all such figures there will be many exceptional cases. There is on record, for example, a Frenchman who was struck five times by lightning in the course of a life of ordinary length, although the average citizen would live to something like 5000 without being struck by lightning at all.

Of the accidents that would happen in a lifetime of 120 years, at least one would leave behind it a broken leg. The chance of a broken skull is much less, so that average persons of 120 might escape this accident altogether.

In addition to the scars resulting from accidents and the scars left on the various organs by germ diseases, there are scars left by the surgeons. Perhaps one of the most remarkable instances of surgical achievements was the case of a Frenchman, Albert Froidevaux. He endured fifty-three separate amputations which reduced him from his former self to a human remnant less than half his former height. He was a sufferer from "symmetric gangrene," a rare ailment almost unheard of, except in the tropics.

The most serious of the bodily scars and those which Dr. Maliisoff presumably had chiefly in mind are not, however, the ones made by cut or broken muscles or bones. They are the scars of the hundreds of unnoticed minor breakdowns and misfortunes which the tissues of the body suffer each year and which are promptly repaired but never perfectly so.

Some one who owns an automobile that is fifteen or twenty years old may have kept his car in perfect repair. The paint on the surface may be new. All dents may have been pounded out of the fenders and all holes patched carefully in the upholstery. Even the engine may have been overhauled regularly and the valves ground as often as they needed it. Nevertheless, it will not be a new car, even if it has never had a serious accident. Everywhere in the mechanism there will be the scars of minor wear and tear.

Just so with an aged body, especially one that has lived as long as 120 years. During that long time there will have been hundreds of occasions when germs invaded the body and were repelled, causing measles, colds or more serious diseases. Each of these experiences is likely to have left its minor scars. There will have been scores of times, possibly hundreds of them, when excessive strains will have been put on the heart or arteries or other parts of the body by need for unusual exertion. There will have been long periods of worry or anxiety, each leaving its scars which science still does not understand on the brain cells and the nerves. Those are the kinds of bodily scars of which a person 120 years old would be mostly composed, and which probably would cause death of the body in the end even if no fatal disease or accident intervened.

The most serious of these as well as the most numerous undoubtedly are those due to attacks by germs, not so much because of the direct damage worked by such invaders of the body as because of the harm done by germ poisons circulating in the blood.

Direct germ damage, however, is not to be excluded. Some doctors maintain that every adult now alive carries somewhere in his body the scars of former invasion by the germs of tuberculosis. The idea is that the germs of this disease invade every human being that is born. Some persons are especially susceptible and these die from pulmonary or some other kind of tuberculosis. Other persons have a greater bodily resistance to the germs, the invaders are checked and ultimately repelled, so that no actual case of tuberculosis ever develops. Yet the scars left by the germ invasion remain.

Another common effect of direct damage by germs is one often found in the heart, in which a weakness of that organ is traced to a former infection that settled on the valves of the heart or thereabouts and finally got well. The germs may be all gone and no danger of further germ action be expected. Yet it often is true that the places where the germs once were are hardened, thickened and made less elastic. This is believed to be one common reason for leaky and otherwise imperfect heart valves, even in people of ordinary ages at present. Unless the germs that cause these damages can be conquered at the same time, it is probable that any scheme of having everybody live to be 120 would result in an aged population all suffering to some degree from heart disease.

It is probable that the worst and commonest scars of germ infections are those worked by the germ poisons, especially scars on the kidneys, the blood making machinery and the brain.

One of the duties of the kidneys is believed to be the removal of poisons from the system, including at least some of the germ poisons, if not all of them. In any event, it is a common experience that severe poisoning of the body by certain kinds of chemical poisons as well as by some of the germ poisons leaves the kidneys much damaged after the poison is removed.

Another danger point for attack by germ or other poisons is the machinery for making and re-making the blood, located in the marrow of the bones and probably also in the spleen.

Fresh blood is necessary for the body regularly every few weeks and since Nature has no blood donors or machinery for blood transfusion, the bodies of all higher animals are provided with equipment for blood making. In the bone marrow are the cells that manufacture the most important of the blood constituents, the red corpuscles. Each of the billions of these corpuscles in the body has a life of about six weeks, after which it wears out and is broken up in the spleen, which organ apparently has the duty of salvaging the iron and copper present in the old corpuscles and making these elements available for manufacture of new ones.

Meanwhile, these new corpuscles are being made minute by minute in the bone marrow and discharged into the blood stream as fast as the old ones go to the spleen to be broken up and salvaged. If the bone marrow has been poisoned, as can be done easily by certain drugs, this making of new corpuscles stops. Possibly one of the greatest difficulties about making average people actually live to 120 is to devise some way of not letting their bone marrow be damaged or worn out.

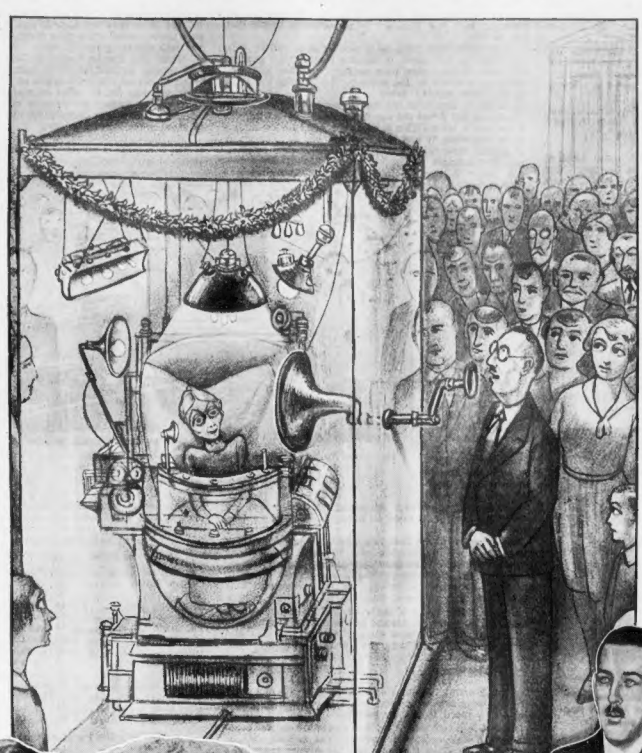
If the necessary cells that make corpuscles in this bone marrow do die or wear out or quit working, the individual who possesses them has only about six weeks to live, for in that time most of the blood corpuscles will be gone and there will be no new blood.

Germ poisons or other poisons also are important as affecting another of the great bodily systems, the nervous system, including the brain. It is a familiar fact that severe germ infections such as scarlet fever or pneumonia often cause what is called delirium, which means that the brain or its nerves have been poisoned and have quit working in normal fashion. It is well known, too, that invasion of the body with certain kinds of germs, like that of infantile paralysis, causes permanent damage to parts of the nervous system. The partial or complete paralysis which follows that disease and may last all the rest of the victim's life, is really nothing but a scar in nerves that have been ruined and that no longer control the muscles to which they connect.

It is probable, too, that there can be other kinds of scars inflicted on the brain, through purely mental things such as fear or worry. Just how these work nobody knows, but doctors all agree that a harassed and worrisome life means earlier death and worse health than is true after a life of ease and sane living free from mental distress. Either the continual activity of a mind trying to find a way out of its troubles ultimately wears out the mental machinery or else there may be some indirect effect of worry through the body's glands.

There is no doubt that fear, worry and other kinds of mental excitement do overwork the glands and may exhaust the abilities of these tiny but necessary organs to work at all. Possibly every fit of rage, fear, anxiety or anything else, that one suffers in a long life leaves its own tiny gland scar, to accumulate gradually until the total of these scars is enough to stop the workings of the gland and cause weakness or death.

Like Lescock's Man in Asbestos, people who actually did live to be 120 might need to avoid not only accidents by staying at home and in bed, but also to avoid all damage to their brains by never using them to think with and all damage to their glands by never getting excited, amused or pleased. Most human beings probably would prefer more activity and amusement, even at cost of a few more bodily scars and a shorter life.



The Famous Artist, Charles Girod, Pictures a Machine in Which Humans Will Sink Into a Coma-Like Sleep to Be Awakened at Intervals for Periods of "Life."

Scientists May Be Able to Prolong Life Far Beyond Its Normal Span, but They Have No Reason to Believe They Will Ever Be Able to Exchange the Infirmities and Scars of Old Age for the Charm of Active Youth.

A Photograph of the Unfortunate Albert Froidevaux Who, Suffering From a Rare Malady, Underwent 53 Amputations, Acquiring Far More Than His Share of Surgical Scars, and, at the Left, an Artist's Diagram Showing How Froidevaux Was Whittled Down to Less Than Half His Normal Height.

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Killed By The Lunatic He Trusted

MOST people would be afraid to go out for a walk with a lunatic, but Ronald Morgan trusted his old friend, Victor Koch, who was an inmate in an asylum at Llanfairfechan, Wales. They had gone to college together, and Morgan was sure these walks he frequently took with Koch would help to restore his friend's sanity. The superintendent felt the same way about it. Sometimes Koch was depressed, and at other times he was unnaturally gay, yet he had never shown any signs of violence. Ordinarily, he appeared quite rational, and whenever he was with Morgan he seemed calm and cheerful. So Morgan was allowed to take him outside the grounds.

As they started out for their last walk the other day, Koch was smoking a cigar Morgan had given him, and was smiling contentedly as he listened to news about mutual acquaintances. At the gate they lingered a while to chat with a guard.

"This is certainly a fine day," Koch, the lunatic, said. "I don't know when I've seen a finer one. It's the kind of day that makes a fellow feel glad he's alive."

He turned to Morgan.

"Isn't that right, Ronny? It takes my mind back to the time when we were going to college in London. Will you ever forget the holiday we spent walking through Surrey?"

As they started down the road that leads to the beach near Llanfairfechan, they were still reminiscing about their walking tour through Surrey, and the last thing the guard heard was an animated discussion about an old inn where they had eaten a memorable lunch.

No one knows what they talked about after that, or what provoked the sudden fury that made Koch murder the man who trusted him. Whatever it was, it took them both by surprise.

Three men, sitting on a headland that marked one end of a narrow cove, saw Koch and Morgan strolling along the beach. The tide was out, and the two friends were walking across the wet sand. From time to time, Koch would stop and crush a shell under his heel. Then he would walk on until another shell caught his eye. The three men on the headland watched them for some time, and finally one said:

"That fellow down there crushing shells seems to be having a lot of fun—just like a kid out of school."

It Took the Three Men Some Time to Get Morgan's Head From Between the Two Boulders, and by the Time They Had Succeeded, the Lunatic's Victim Was Dead.

A few moments later the two friends came to a large pile of stones that had been left on the beach by workmen who were building a jetty. At that point, Koch turned without warning and seized Morgan by the throat. The three men on the headland thought at first that this was just some more playfulness, such as might be expected from a fellow who felt like a kid out of school. They had never seen Koch before, and did not know that he was a lunatic.

But the next instant they realized that the scuffle going on down there on the beach was by no means playful. Koch threw Morgan to the ground, sat on his chest, and began beating him in the face with a rock. The three men jumped up, shouted, and tore down the hill toward the spot as fast as their legs would carry them. As they ran, they saw Koch drag Morgan's body to the pile of stones and wedge the head between two large boulders.

Attracted by the shouting, Koch looked over his shoulder. Then he straightened up, stared at his hands, and wiped them on his trousers. When the men were still about twenty yards away, he turned and ran in the other direction.

Two of the men stopped at the pile of stones and the other took out after Koch. But the pursuer was already out of breath, and not having a chance to catch the lunatic, he soon gave up and turned back.

It took the three men some time to get Morgan's head from between the two boulders, and by the time they did, he was dead. When the first two had reached him, he was already unconscious—so what might have provoked the attack will never be known.

A little while later, breathing heavily, Koch arrived at the gate to the asylum grounds. Apparently, the idea of trying to escape had not occurred to him.

"Let me in," he gasped. "I feel sick."

Unlocking the gate, the guard stared at the blood on his hands and his clothing.

"What on earth has happened to you?" the guard demanded.

Koch entered the grounds, and as the gate clanged shut behind him, he leaned against the bars and sighed.

"Take me to the superintendent," he said. "I want to see the superintendent right away."

In the superintendent's office, he collapsed into a chair, and when he was asked why Morgan had not come back with him, he replied:

"Something terrible has happened. You'll find the body down on the beach."

"What happened to him?"

"I want a cigaret." Koch stared at his bloodstained hands, and shuddered. "Hasn't anybody got a cigaret?"

After he was given a cigaret, he said:

"Twelve years ago he insulted me. So I took him out and just killed him. I killed him with a stone and finished up with a stone. Now I feel better."

"Aren't you sorry you did it?"

"I don't know. I'm not sure. But I can't help it now."

They could get no more out of him, so he was locked up where he will not have a chance to kill anyone else. The murdered friend left a wife and two small children.

How Fast Do Birds Fly, Animals Run And Fishes Swim?

WHAT is the highest rate of speed that can be reached by various birds, animals and fishes? Nowhere near as great, of course, as the speed with which man goes in his mechanical contrivances through the air, over land or on water. But the world is continually calling for greater speed, combined with more efficiency. So designers, striving to increase speed and efficiency by perfecting the streamline principle, as applied to airplanes, automobiles, trains and ships, have recently decided there is still a lot to be learned from observing how fast different creatures travel under their own power.

Tests have been made by a number of scientists, aviators, hunters, fishermen, in various parts of the country, and their findings have been gathered together and compared by students of the subject. The results are given in the table printed below.

As can be seen from the list, the investigation in regard to animals and fishes did not take in as much territory as in the case of birds. This is because a fuller understanding of the way birds fly and how fast they can go is obviously of greater importance to aviation than similar information about animals and fishes is to other branches of locomotion.

As Shown by the Thrilling Tests, the Canvas-back Was the Fastest on the List, Having Shown His Ability to Keep the Fliers Speeding 72 Miles an Hour With Him.

Even so, it is interesting to know that the elephant, with no more streamlining than a double-decked bus and equally as much wind resistance, can go 25 miles an hour when putting every ounce of strength he has into a charge. And that the slender little gazelle, which is beautifully streamlined, but has spindly legs that look as if they would snap under the least strain, can clip off 60 miles an hour when doing its best. Or that the stumpy-legged, top-heavy, lumbering rhinoceros can get over the ground at 20 miles an hour, if he has any special reason for doing it.

It is hardly likely that any revolutionary designer is going to build automobiles and railroad trains along the classic lines of the giraffe, the Cape buffalo, or the wild pig. Yet by studying the relation between speed and body structure in different animals, designers may get a pretty fair notion of what not to do.

On the other hand, a study of the flight of birds is recognized as an invaluable aid to aviation. These investigations, for example, have already brought out the fact that it is not the bird with the greatest wing area that flies the fastest. The shape of the wings, as well as the size, is of considerable importance. The shape of the body also has a lot to do with speed. One bird may weigh about the same as another of a different type, and may have less wing area, but if it has a body better adapted to speed it can fly faster.

Since it was felt that there was a special need for accurate figures in regard to the speed of birds, several methods were used in making the tests, and the results from these different methods checked against each other. One method was for an aviator to fly abreast of a bird and learn how fast it was going from his speedometer. Wherever possible, a similar method was followed by people on trains and in automobiles. In other experiments, trained hawks, whose speed was already known, were released to follow birds that were being tested. Then various birds that had been captured were released in wind tunnels, where new airplane models are tested, and timed in that manner. On other occasions, the progress of a bird from one place to another was followed by telephone. Still another method was to use stop watches to check how long it took certain birds to fly between two fixed points.

As shown by the list, the canvas-back, with a speed of 72 miles an hour, was the fastest bird that was tested. The golden plover, however, which was given an accredited speed of 70 miles an hour, has been ranked ahead of the canvas-back by some observers who were not prepared to make an accurate test, but estimated its speed at 80 miles an hour. Some sea birds that are known to be fast fliers were not tested, and it may be that accurate timing would show that they outrank both the canvas-back and the golden plover.

While man has been able to surpass birds in the air and animals on land, it is interesting to note that under water he cannot equal the speed of certain fishes, or come anywhere near the 45 miles an hour of the tuna. Speedboats on the surface outdistance any fish, of course, but when a submarine is completely submerged its top speed is about eight miles an hour.

The development of higher rates of speed for sea travel, it has been pointed out, has not been keeping abreast of the progress in air and on land. The top speed of the largest liners now afloat is not a great deal more than that of the big ships of twenty years ago, but during this same period the average speed of automobiles has been doubled, while that of airplanes has perhaps been tripled. Ship designers have apparently been more interested in such improvements as tennis courts, cocktail bars, dance floors, swimming pools and modernistic state rooms. For this reason it has been suggested that they might do well to make a more thorough study of various types of fish, just as airplane designers are constantly studying birds.

From the study made by many observers the following interesting table has been compiled:

Number of Miles Per Hour That Birds Can Fly.

Canvas-Back Duck	72	Homing Pigeon	55
Golden Plover	70	Partridge	53
Teal	70	Starling	49
Blackcock	68	Green Plover	48
Swift	68	Jackdaw	48
Peregrine	62	Wood Pigeon	45
Pheasant	60	Rook	45
Grouse	60	Swan	45
Wild Duck	59	Kestrel	43
Mallard	58	Heron	38
Quail	57	Swallow	37
Merlin	55	Landrail	35
Blue Rock	55		
Goose	55		

Number of Miles Per Hour That Animals Can Run.

Gazelle	60	Wildebeest	30
Reed Buck	60	Hartebeest	30
Cheetah (cat family)	60	Lion	30
Cape Buffalo	35	Wild Pig	30
Ostrich	35	Elephant	25
Jackal	35	Rhinoceros	20
Giraffe	35		

Number of Miles Per Hour That Fishes Can Swim.

Tuna	45	Trout	12
Pike	15	Salmon	12

Why The Hangman Hanged Himself

ALOIS FUERST, the hangman of Altenmarkt, Austria, closed his thick fingers around his wife's neck, and shook her until she was scarcely able to breathe.

"You will do as I say," he told her, "or you will be buried in the same grave with the first. Do you think it means anything, to see people die, when I have strung up well over a hundred?"

He laughed, hurled the terrified woman into a corner, and crossed his powerful arms across his chest.

"It's nothing to die," he said. "Everyone has to do it, some time or other, and it only takes a few minutes. Even less than when I do it."

"But our own child, Alois. Surely, you cannot be so hard-hearted as that."

"Hard-hearted am I? You didn't want her any more than I did. Another mouth to feed. No, she's no good to us. She'll never be able to work in the fields. So you will do as I say. Then I'll be able to collect the insurance money on that crop of hay I have stored in the barn—five times as much as I could ever sell it for."

"But the neighbor's child, little Mitzi Federler—you have no reason for wanting to put her out of the way."

"You women all argue like fools. Why do you want to save the neighbor's child if you are willing for your own to die?"

"God forgive me for not having the courage to stop you—I'm not willing for either of them to die!"

"They are going to just the same. With both of their bodies found in the hay loft, people will be sure to believe they set fire to the place while playing with matches."

He looked out of a window.

"There they now in the barnyard, making mud pies. So I'll go on out and attend to them. You don't have to watch me. But when I get through, see that you keep an eye on me until I have gone all the way over to the far end of the big field, and am at work there. Then start the fire. When the neighbors see the blaze and come running over here, I want someone to have to call me."

In the barnyard a few moments later he bent over the two children, who were alarmed by his manner and cowered in a fence corner, like frightened kittens. With a quick thrust of his muscular arms, he caught each by the throat and strangled them both at the same time.

After that, everything happened as he had planned it—

In the Barnyard, Alois the Hangman Seized the Two Children by Their Throats, and With a Quick Tension of His Muscles Strangled Them Both at the Same Time.

except for one thing. When the wife stood at the foot of the ladder to the hayloft, she lost her nerve. She could not force herself to go up there and start the fire, for if she did she would see the bodies of the two children. So she decided to start it in the manger, where it would quickly spread up to the loft. But first she took the ladder away from the barn, and carried it to an apple tree. She did that so she could climb into the tree with a basket and be picking apples when the neighbors saw the fire and came running to it.

But her plan to keep people from suspecting her worked the other way. When the charred bodies were discovered, the police were called, and the first thing they wanted to know was how did the children get up there? The company that had insured Fuerst's hay was also interested in this question.

On top of that, Fuerst's reputation was against him. In his youth, people had liked him well enough, but that was before he had become a hangman. In those days, he was merely a good-natured farmer-lad who delighted in showing off his unusual strength. Then he was called to war and sent into Serbia with an Austrian regiment.

The Serbians did not accept the invasion of their country meekly. Their regular army was defeated, but throughout the land numbers of civilians and stragglers organized themselves into guerilla bands, and harassed the Austrians as much as they could by sniping.

This sort of irregular warfare greatly offended the invaders, and orders went out that whenever any of these snipers were caught they were to be hanged from the nearest tree. The officers in Fuerst's regiment thought that this was an excellent idea, only it had one drawback. While their men were fairly well versed in the art of slaughtering enemies with guns and bayonets, none of them had had any experience as a hangman. So the colonel called for a volunteer, and Alois Fuerst stepped forward.

In this way, Alois became the official hangman for the whole division. He trussed up men and women by the dozen, put ropes around their necks and pulled tables out from under them, leaving them to dangle from trees in bunches. The strange thing is that he was proud of doing this, and after the war was over and he returned to Altenmarkt he bragged about it.

So when Fuerst was accused of murdering the children, everyone believed he was guilty. But for months he insisted he was innocent, and he probably would have kept right on doing so if his poor, distracted wife had not finally broken down and told everything that had happened. Her confession was all that was needed to convict him—he knew that. So he shrugged his shoulders and admitted that he had done it.

But being a hangman himself, he did not feel that he could trust anyone else to do a swift, clean job on him. Three nights later he tore up his blanket, made a rope out of it, and swung himself from an iron bar in his cell window. By an odd twist of fate, however, he was amply punished in the end for all of his cruelty. The skill he had used on so many others failed when he felt he most needed it. His old friend Death did not come quickly. The knot slipped and he died in great agony.

Canada's Laws Halt Women's Strange Adventures

WOMEN who headed robber gangs, coached college football teams, lived and worked as men or figured in court actions occupied the front pages in Canadian newspapers recently. From coast to coast in the Dominion came strange tales of feminine activities that were far from customary.

Out in Edmonton, Alberta, in the foothills of the Canadian Rockies, a young convent-reared girl, nattily dressed in well-fitting brown suit, white shirt and brown tie, heavy black workingman's shoes and a gray cap, admitted in magistrate's court that for five years she had lived as a boy, working in harvest fields, riding freight trains and sleeping in cheap flop houses or farm bunk houses, all the while concealing her true sex from male companions.

Under the name of "Jack," she had held several hard jobs, had done a man's work daily for five years. Twenty-two years old, she was given the court's protection and her name was withheld. Now she has gone to join her grandparents, walking awkwardly in girl's clothing. The whole experience she considers quite matter of fact. The only thing that mystifies her is why they bothered to arrest her as a vagrant. She was self-supporting, she maintained, and could do a day's work with the best woodsman or farmer in Western Canada. The court, however, decided a woman's place, if not in the home, was at least in skirts.

The same week, down in the eastern end of Canada, Mrs. Ruth Vernot, of Rockland, Nova Scotia, heard a judge sentence her to two years in prison for her activities as leader of a daring band of robbers who had terrorized the district for months past. Facing three charges, she was considered by the judge to be one of the most dangerous prisoners to face the court in years and was blamed for leading three young men astray and teaching them the profession of burglary. He declared that her influence over the community was bad, that she was a female Fagin and that she should be removed. For the next two years she will inhabit Dorchester Penitentiary.

Equally daring, but not criminally inclined, was another Canadian Maritimer, Miss Merle Purtill, of Halifax, Nova Scotia. Miss Purtill, a comely co-ed in the law school at Dalhousie University, was elected manager of the college football team, one of the strongest teams in the Maritimes. Only two girl students attend the law school. Since neither of them can actually take part in the game, the players decided that one of them should be their manager. Miss Purtill was elected and is now boss of the job every Saturday afternoon. Her male assistant says she does all the work.

The fourth woman to figure in cross-country headlines was Sarah Elizabeth MacDonald, also of Nova Scotia. Mrs. MacDonald, a native of Pictou, declared that she was the lawful daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Norman MacNeil of that Nova Scotia fishing village. Roderick MacNeil, a son of the Pictou couple, claimed that she was merely an adopted daughter and had been taken to his parents' home when two or three weeks old.

Mrs. MacDonald produced her marriage license which stated that she was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. MacNeil and also pointed out that in the will of "her mother" she was referred to as "my daughter." The family physician, when called, however, testified that no daughter had been born to the couple in the year in which the women claimed she was born. A neighbor also testified that the woman had been adopted.

The court accepted the testimony of these witnesses. Finding that Mrs. MacDonald was not the daughter of the MacNeils, the jury awarded an estate of over $15,000 to Roderick MacNeil. The father, it was stated, made a will leaving his property to his wife, but later became mentally deranged. His wife left her estate to her husband, but died while he was of unsound mind and he died some time later.

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Did Mr. Snidow Marry a Twin? Or Didn't He?

His Perplexing Predicament When His Wife Sometimes Said She Was Mrs. Snidow and Sometimes Masqueraded as a Twin Sister, He Says, and Staged a Real-Life Situation More Absurd Than a Comic Opera

Bernice, the Girl He Married, Would Kiss Mr. Snidow Goodbye and Leave to Do Her Work in the Department Store.

But Instead of Going to the Department Store, Mr. Snidow Says Bernice Would Change Her Dress, Primp Up and Rouge Her Cheeks and Put On Another Hat.

And Then, in a Couple of Hours, She Would Come Back as Virginia, Pretending That She Was the Twin Sister of Bernice.

FOR TEN bewildering weeks Ralph Snidow, handsome twenty-six-year-old Los Angeles shipping clerk, was fooled into believing that the girl he married was twins.

But finally one day after the honeymoon his attractive bride went to sleep as "Virginia" and awoke as "Bernice."

So a Superior Court judge decided Snidow had been the victim of fraud and gross misrepresentation when he was wed and granted him an annulment in one of the most extraordinary marital tangles in Los Angeles court annals.

Love wrapped up in a crimson bathing suit came to Snidow one fine February day on a Southern California strand. She stepped out of the smoke from a wiener roast fire, a Lorelei-like figure fresh from a brisk dip in the surf.

Unmindful of their frolicking friends, they munched their buns and wieners and talked of romance while a pale moon painted a path of silver over the broad Pacific. She told him she was Virginia Parker, a stenographer by day, a disciple of Neptune by night.

Their romance grew apace, but, like all true loves, it didn't run smoothly. They quarreled and Virginia presumably left Los Angeles to live with friends in San Diego.

But Snidow's heart was not to be broken for long. For a few days later there appeared at his home another girl, who looked exactly like his lost sweetheart, but who told him she was his former girl friend's twin sister, Bernice.

Like his first romance, his second grew swiftly, and late in February of this year he and the girl he believed to be Bernice Parker eloped to Arizona's Gretna Green, Yuma, and were married. Returning to Los Angeles they rented a small apartment and embarked on a happy honeymoon.

And then began those ten bewildering weeks—of strange impersonations, of doubts, suspicions, of warm love-making—an absurd comic opera situation. No stage extravaganza was more preposterous.

Things went along peacefully at first, Snidow related. But a week after the marriage Bernice told him she had found a job in a department store, and would be absent from home during the daytime.

"That seemed rather strange," Snidow said, "but I figured she probably didn't want to spend her days alone at home. But when she started to stay away longer each day I became suspicious."

It was along toward evening three weeks after his marriage when another girl, claiming to be his old sweetheart, Virginia, and twin sister of his wife, came to visit Snidow in his honeymoon apartment.

While she resembled Bernice in appearance, speech and figure, Virginia was attired somewhat differently. This girl wore a different colored coat and a beret instead of a fashionable tailored suit and a nifty, modish hat.

She remained only a few moments that time, according to Snidow, but they chatted gaily about their broken romance and his marriage to the girl Virginia said was her twin sister. She extolled Bernice's merits, telling him Bernice would make a good helpmate.

Three hours later Bernice returned home, presumably from her work, clad in the same clothing in which she had left the apartment that same morning. Though in a nervous and bewildered state of mind, Snidow did not tell his bride of her "twin sister's" visit.

During the next six weeks, Snidow declared, the girl he believed was Virginia often visited him in his apartment. As they renewed their former friendship, Snidow "loaned" Virginia small sums of money. And as the friendship progressed, Snidow felt the old pangs of love that first burned in his breast before he and Virginia quarreled.

There seem to have been some torrid love scenes in which Virginia sobbed and Snidow comforted her as they recalled their broken romance. Often after these touching scenes Snidow would give Virginia a few dollars.

"There came a day, however," Snidow related, "when the girl I knew as Virginia worried me to the point of exasperation by threatening to tell my wife that I had had an affair with her.

"She demanded more money, but I refused. We had quite a row until I told her I would give her $20 and that would be all forever. I gave her the $20 and forced her to give me a receipt."

That receipt, signed by Virginia Parker, was given by Snidow to his cousin-attorney, H. A. Snidow, who filed the annulment action. It read:

"Received of Ralph Snidow the sum of $20, the receipt of which is hereby acknowledged in consideration of which I hereby agree not to molest him or his wife at any time now or in the future. I also agree that the above sum is settlement in full of any and all claims for money which I may have against him.

"I hereby consent not to molest Ralph Snidow in any way so long as he is married to my twin sister, Bernice. Should he be single at any time I will then act within the law."

And all this time Snidow's bride, Bernice, came and went, performing her daily work in a downtown department store (so she claimed) and her housewifely duties at night. Each night when she returned home on days Virginia had visited Snidow, Bernice wore the same clothes in which she had left the apartment in the morning, Snidow declared.

But suspicion had been growing in Snidow's mind and it was sharpened considerably after the $20 receipt episode. Nor was Snidow the only one who was growing suspicious. His mother, Mrs. Nellie M. Snidow, was wondering if her daughter-in-law was twins. And a neighbor woman, Mrs. Mattie Engel, to whom Mrs. Snidow had confided her suspicions, became interested, to later play the role of detective.

It was the night of April 20 that Snidow learned definitely, he said, that Virginia and Bernice were one and the same. "Virginia" had visited him that day and had left a short time before "Bernice" returned. Snidow said he accused his bride of the "Jekyll-Hyde" existence and fled from the apartment.

He raced to an attorney's office, obtained necessary legal papers and hurried to his apartment to serve them on her. At that time, he said, she admitted she had gone through the strange impersonation and confessed that she was Virginia and Bernice both. That was the last time he saw her, Snidow said, as his bride did not appear in court to contest the annulment action.

Snidow's story, though brief and unrevealing in the courtroom, was substantiated by his mother.

"She came into the house one day and said she was Virginia," Mrs. Snidow testified. "She said she was thirsty and demanded some liquor. I gave her something to drink and she became intoxicated, still saying that she was Virginia and that she had been engaged to my son and had gone away to San Diego before he married her twin sister, Bernice.

"She passed out and we put her to bed. I watched her sleep and she did not leave the house.

"When she came to, she said she was Bernice, the girl my son married in Yuma. When we told her she had said she was Virginia she got mad at our hints that she had no twin sister named Virginia. She offered to take us to see Virginia, but when we all got ready to go she refused to accompany us.

"There was no one named Virginia at the address she gave us."

Then Mrs. Engel related how she had "shadowed" the bride one day in April. She told how a girl who said she was the twin sister Virginia was at the Snidow apartment for a visit to her former fiance and left.

"I followed her," Mrs. Engel told the judge, "to a downtown corner. She went into a liquor store and stayed awhile and then came out with a man.

"They got on a street car and went further downtown to a theatre. When she came back to the Snidow apartment that day she represented herself as Bernice."

Mrs. Engel declared she had known the girl who said that she was Virginia when Snidow was engaged to her. She had also known the girl Bernice that Snidow married and she was positive they were one and the same.

Though Snidow was the first witness at the hearing, his testimony was confined to "yes" and "no" in answer to questions by his attorney, who had sought previously to conduct the case behind locked doors.

Asked if he knew where his wife had fled, Snidow said:

"No, but I have heard she returned to her parents in Albuquerque."

On one of her allegedly fake "double" appearances, Snidow declared, his wife rearranged her hair dress, heightened her color with rouge and attired herself in a striking crimson gown to make herself appear differently.

That time she came to Snidow's apartment within two hours after Bernice had left, presumably to visit friends.

"She told me she was Virginia," Snidow declared, "but by that time I was more than suspicious that there was deception going on. I noticed little traits about this woman that I seemed to recognize as belonging to the girl I married.

"She had the same little phrases and involuntary actions that I had become accustomed to seeing and hearing in Bernice. But even then I thought such things might be possible in twins who seemed to resemble each other so much. I have been told that identical twins are alike, not only in details of personal appearance but in many little mannerisms. That is why I believed in her, against my better judgment."

One night, soon after the girl calling herself Virginia had left Snidow's apartment and Bernice had returned, Bernice asked him casually if he had heard recently from her "twin sister." She was supposed to know that Ralph and Virginia had met, some time in the past, but that was all.

It was then that Snidow wrote the receipt and gave "Virginia" $20 to sign it as a full release.

But uneasiness was growing in Snidow's mind and he wrote a second document demanding that Virginia sign it also. He dated it the same time as the receipt. The document was the one in which Virginia "consented not to molest Snidow" in any way "as long as he is married to my sister." He got Virginia's signature on the dotted line, although the two signatures, Snidow found, were not in the same handwriting.

Snidow charges that Bernice signed both, disguising her handwriting in one.

Two weeks after Snidow married Bernice she expressed a desire to visit her parents in New Mexico. Snidow purchased her a transcontinental bus ticket, kissed her a fond farewell at the bus terminal and retired to a bachelor's life to await her return.

A week later she did return and they resumed their married life. Although it was not a part of court testimony there is a letter in existence which casts some doubt on whether the girl returned as Virginia or Bernice.

The annulment suit complaint filed by Snidow in the Superior Court of California says, in part:

"That the defendant, Bernice Parker Snidow, on numerous occasions stated to plaintiff that she was the twin sister of one Virginia Parker; that in truth and in fact said Virginia Parker and Bernice Parker Snidow are one and the same person.

"That on or about the 20th day of April, 1936, the plaintiff for the first time definitely ascertained that said Bernice Parker Snidow and Virginia Parker were one and the same persons; that on said date plaintiff repudiated the marriage contract by leaving the apartment of the parties of the above entitled action."

Friends of Snidow have received letters purportedly from Miss Parker's mother in New Mexico asking these questions:

Whom did Ralph Snidow meet at the bus station when his wife was supposed to have returned from New Mexico?

Whom were the legal papers served on? Was it his wife or Virginia?

Where was his wife's sister at the time of the annulment granting?

Why did not Ralph Snidow ask Bernice's mother if she was a twin—he had her mother's address?

To which Snidow answers:

"There was only one girl; that in truth and fact Bernice and Virginia Parker are one and the same person."

Still a bit amazed over the fast moving events, Snidow says the annulment makes the whole affair a closed incident. He chivalrously pays compliment to his wife's ability as an actress.

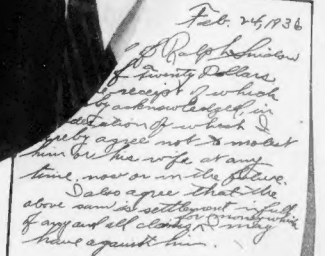
"She must have been able to do it mostly by the changes in her coiffure, her dress and mannerisms," he said. "Frankly I didn't pay much attention to the woman who visited me as Virginia the first two or three times.

"It was only after it sank into my mind that there was a strong similarity in their actions that caused me to call in the assistance of my mother, and she got Mrs. Engel to help."

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Snidow in an Affectionate Pose. Mr. Snidow Says He Married Her as Bernice Parker, but She Soon Began to Masquerade as a Twin Sister, Calling Herself Virginia Parker, and Demanding Money From Him to Keep Sister Virginia From Telling Twin Sister Bernice of His Love-Making to Virginia.

I hereby consent to Molest Ralph in no anyway as he is Married as he is Married my sister, Bernice should he be single at any time I will act within the law.
Virginia Parker.

The First Agreement Signed by Twin Sister Virginia.



Feb. 26, 1936
Ralph Snidow
Dollars receipt which acknowledged in consideration of which I hereby agree not to molest him or his wife, at any time now or in the future. Also agree that the above sum is settlement in full of any and all claims I may have against him.
Virginia Parker

The Second Agreement Signed by Virginia Parker With Quite a Different Signature.

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How Scribbling Reveals Character

Those Strange Scrawls on the Telephone Pad Are Messages From Your Subconscious Mind Telling What Sort of Person You Are, or What Mood You Were in at the Moment You Drew Them

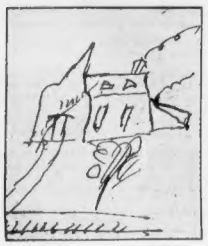
By LOUISE RICE,
Student of Psychology, as Revealed by Handwriting.

DID you ever look with surprise at the telephone pad and ask yourself how you happened to have made those fantastic figures or those funny little curlicues, or those whirls, scrolls, stars or boxes?

Scribbling these marks on the telephone pad or any bit of scrap paper which is at hand is a habit with many people. Strange as it seems, it has seldom been a matter for popular discussion, and has received little attention from psychologists, although it is one of the most familiar of human writing habits.

It is seldom possible to scribble interestingly or naturally with conscious intent. The inventiveness of design and the sureness of execution are at once lost, unless the scribbling is done during genuine mental abstraction, so that the subconscious mind has the chance to be in full charge of the brain and hand that are directing the pencil.

Telephone conversations are not the only acts of abstraction which produce scribbles. The conference tables of thousands of business and professional offices, the desks around which politicians and newspaper men discuss their problems, the napkins and tablecloths of restaurants where serious conversations have taken place, all carry these telltale little scrawls that reveal so much about the person who made them.



Lovers Often Give Away Their Mood by "Wish-Scribbling"—Usually Crude Drawings of Houses in Which They Hope to Shelter the Girl of Their Dreams.

The subconscious self makes these formations, and, as the subconscious delights in symbols, these little drawings often show much that is actually unknown to the conscious self, and which can be found out in no other way.

For twenty years a collection of these scribblings has been gathered and studied, until it is now possible to say that the more or less standardized ones show, roughly, the emotional trends of the scribbler, and that the less formalized ones express some condition of momentary reaction. The scribbling of the mentally unstable or the emotionally excited will often throw light on the causes of that condition.

Of the standard formations, perhaps none is so frequently made as the box. This is often reinforced with heavy or repeated lines, or with part of the box "filled in" or with the squares of the box joined, to give a more complete picture of the object.

The Scribbling of Dots Arranged in Symmetrical Outlines Indicate Constructive People Who Keep Their Appointments, Say What They Mean and Lay Out Plans of Action With Attention to Detail.

Boxes are usually made by practical people, who are concerned with the paying of bills, gaining of concrete successes of a material nature, and with the effort to think accurately about objective subjects.

"Boxes" tell the psychologist of the desire of the scribbler to be exact, and it is not, therefore, surprising to find them most frequently used by bookkeepers, chemists, bankers and mathematicians.

Next in point of frequency is the scroll, which is a sort of capital letter "L," endlessly repeated, made by people with more than the usual degree of moderation and good temper, and, as an evidence of the temporary state of a person's mind, is often found on telephone pads after a conversation which has been gay, affectionate or happy.

The "tic-tac-toe" formation, of dots arranged in various outlines which are symmetrical, is a commonly used scribble. Constructive persons, who like to keep their appointments, who are careful to say only what they mean, and who lay out plans of action with attention to detail, use this formation. It is frequently found on loose boards lying about the places where building is going on, the product of carpenters, masons and plumbers, scribbled unconsciously as they discuss the very exact details of their work.

Fantastic Scribbles Often Heavily Blocked in and Weirdly Decorative Show Imagination and Intensity of Feeling.

Spears, Daggers, Snakes and Darts Indicate Anger, or Sometimes Great Alarm.

Stars, whether really star shaped or crudely approximating that shape, are more apt to be made by young people than by their elders. Here the analogy is easily followed, for youth believes in its starry destiny, and loses faith and hope only with the disillusioning years.

Few people who scribble stars are sick, discouraged or unhappy.

The whirl, in which the pen or pencil goes around and around, until the paper is smudged, is not a pleasant thing to see, for it is the very graphic symbol used by the subconscious to show confusion of thought and instability of emotion. Impending illness, fear of trouble, financial losses, lack of love and friendship and some forms of insanity all cause this scribble to be made. Many people make whirls in their scribbling only under the pressure of trouble and soon stop when conditions improve.

Spears, daggers, snakes and heavily pressured dart-like formations speak eloquently of a state of anger and resentment. Very great alarm is also shown. A woman whose husband was dangerous when intoxicated discovered that when he got home in that condition she made such scribbles while trying to "talk him out of it," being terrified, despite her calm manner.

The drawing of flowers, leaves and trees is so natural a piece of symboliam that it is not surprising to find that lovers, young mothers, happy men and women and placid, kindly souls all are inclined to use this scribble. Many of the finest characters in the world become really expert at scribbling such formations, since they make them from early youth onward.

Ladders and curling plumes, as of smoke, express hope and ambition.

One of the most amusing forms of what can be called "wish" scribbles is the dollar mark. It is not surprising to know that it is often used, and that the scribbling of large, strictly imaginary sums of money is a sort of visible day-dreaming in which most people indulge.

Another wish-scribble is the drawing of the little house. Many a man who talks in a harsh bark in his office betrays his really home-loving disposition and explains why he is adored by his family through his house scribbling.

Lovers who are beginning to dream of marriage often use the house scribble, even though their dream home is really a one-room apartment in the city.

Elaborate, highly complicated but well constructed scribbles are usually made by engineers, architects, chemists and builders. Herbert Hoover has scribbled such formations ever since his college days.

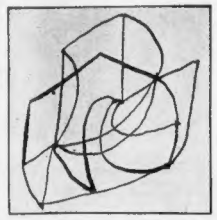
Artists scribble delightfully, but their subconscious efforts are often far more humorous or far more fantastic than the work which they do consciously.

Fantastic scribbles, often heavily blocked in and weirdly decorative, show imagination and intensity of feeling. No matter how phlegmatic such a scribbler may seem to be, there is an ardent and unusual temperament beneath the mild or calm personality.

The insane and the pervert will exhibit astounding evidences of their madness in their scribbles.

One of the famous cases of this kind was that of a boy who acquired a hate for his sisters, due to their being pets of the parents, while the boy was totally neglected. His scribbles were very ugly female faces and bodies. The discovery of this fact led to his cure, since the condition was changed, and he was restored to a normal state.

Whirls in Which the Pen or Pencil Goes Around and Around Until the Paper Is Smudged, Often Betray Confusion of Thought and Instability of Emotion. Illness, Fear, Financial Loss and Sometimes Insanity Are Indicated by This Symbol.



Highly Complicated, but Well-Constructed Scribbles Which Resemble Geometric Designs Are Usually Made by Engineers, Architects and Chemists.

Occasionally the date pad on a busy man's desk will reveal a remarkable record of his day. The one which is shown on this page was made, entirely unconsciously, by a bright young executive of a large firm.

Reading from the reader's left to his right, he began with the flower, which marks the time at 8:45 when the girl he was soon to marry called him to say good morning. He was bored in the next hour because some appointments hung fire, and the series of spears and dashes record his growing impatience. Then a really important interview took place. He carefully made a box and added other angular formations as one point after another was settled; that it was all successful is indicated by the two ladders.

At 12:30 a man friend whom he liked very much called to take him to lunch. A pleasant little row of stars was put down while they debated what restaurant to choose for the meals. Returning, having eaten too much, his aimless whirls or parts of whirls record a listless hour, but at 3:00 there was a long telephone conversation which gave a crowning touch to weeks of hard work on a special project. Ladders, stars and his own initials, in heavy pressure, record the man's great satisfaction. His sweetheart called him again at five to say that she would meet him for a cocktail in their favorite grill. That time he sat smiling and dreaming at his desk before he took his hat and coat and closed the day. During that brief moment of happy day-dreaming he scribbled—the wish-house, of course.

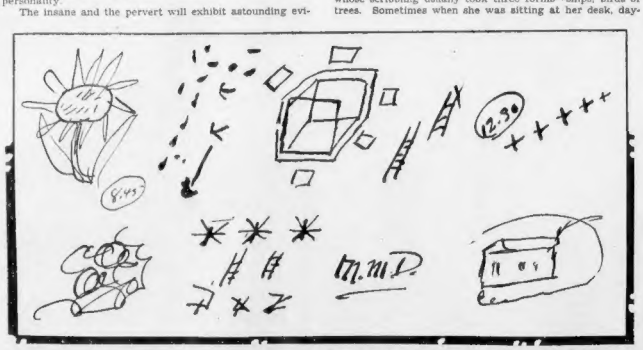
Another interesting case was that of a young woman whose scribbling usually took three forms—ships, birds or trees. Sometimes when she was sitting at her desk, day-dreaming, or talking over the telephone, she would cover a sheet of paper with vague outlines of these three objects.

Outwardly, she seemed to be quite happy. But in reality, she was dissatisfied with her surroundings, and the objects she scribbled were symbols of that discontent.

One side of her nature yearned for a more interesting and a fuller life, for travel and exciting adventures. Although she was born inland and had never seen the sea, any time she sat with a pencil in her hand she was almost certain to draw crude outlines of boats. The meaning was always the same—a desire to get away from the things that tied her down.

But sometimes her mood would change. Weary with the strain of keeping up with the details of her work her subconscious mind would begin to long for tranquility—for a simple, contented sort of life, in which there was no excitement whatever. Then she would begin to sketch trees. The symbolism of the trees, as scribbled by her, is quite clear. They meant that she was wishing she could live in the country, far away from the stress of city life, in a quiet little place, where she would not have to worry her mind with things that did not really interest her—where she could spend the whole day walking in the woods, or just sit and stare, if that was the way she happened to be feeling.

One thing that interested her particularly was music, and the birds she scribbled were an expression of that interest, although she did not realize this. As a child, she had studied music, but had been forced to give it up. In her moments of abstraction, vague impressions of the happiness she had once felt would come back to her, and then she would draw birds—always birds in flight, which expressed the soaring feeling that music gave her.

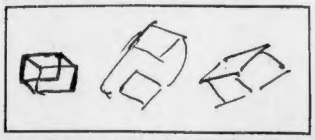


The Amusing 'Phone Pad Record of a Young Business Man's Day, in Which He Reveals, Subconsciously, Emotions of Love, Anger, Happiness, Constructive Thought, Confusion and Accomplishment—the True Record of Eight Hours in His Office.

Artists Often Scribble Strange Drawings That Are Usually Far More Humorous and Fantastic Than the Work They Do Consciously.

A Mentally Unstable Boy Who Hated His Sisters Revealed His Condition Through the Subconscious Scribbling of Ugly Female Faces.

Stars Are Most Apt to Be Scribbled by Young People Who Have Not Yet Lost Faith and Hope Through Disillusioning Years.



Boxes Are Usually Scribbled by Practical People Who Are Concerned With the Paying of Bills, Success of a Material Nature, or Who Are Attempting to Think Accurately.

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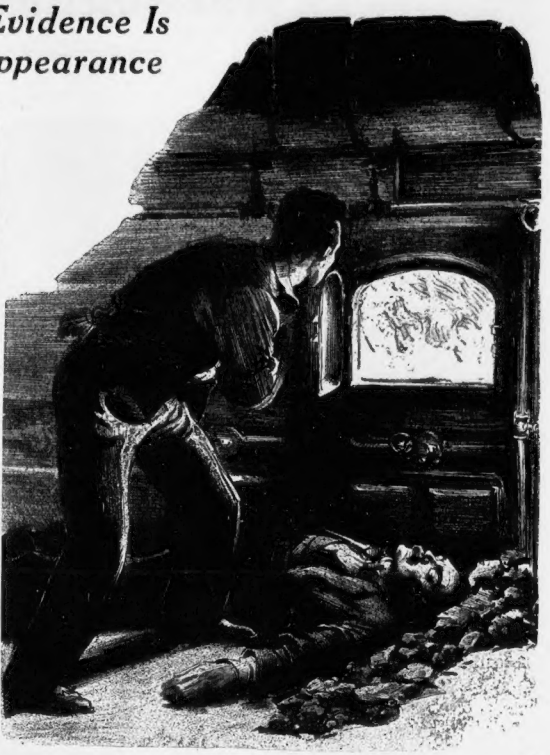
His Body Burned in the Furnace of His Own Opera House?

After Seventeen Years of Mystery Weird Evidence Is Offered to Explain the Unaccountable Disappearance of Millionaire Small, the Toronto Theatre Owner

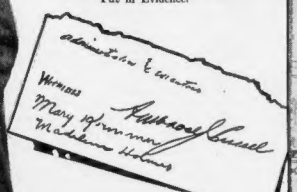
The Rosedale Ravine Dump Where a Part of Mr. Small's Body Is Said to Have Been Buried Seventeen Years Ago.

Mrs. Theresa Small, Wife of the Missing Man, Whose Confession That She Had a Part in the Murder of Her Husband Has Been Put in Evidence.

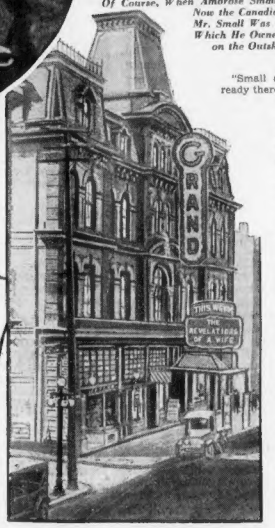


Of Course, When Ambrose Small, the Theatrical Magnate, Disappeared, He Went Somewhere. And Now the Canadian Courts Have Been Presented With Testimony Which Asserts That Mr. Small Was Murdered in the Basement of the Grand Opera House, in Toronto, Which He Owned, and That the Trunk of His Body Was Buried in a Refuse Dump on the Outskirts of the City, While the Other Parts of His Body Were Thrown Into the Firebox of the Theatre's Furnace.

Ambrose J. Small at the Time of His Strange Disappearance.



Signature on the Will of Mr. Small, Which Left All His Property to His Wife.



The Grand Opera House, Toronto, Owned by Mr. Small, and It Was in the Furnace Room of This Building Where, It Is Said, Mr. Small Was Murdered and Parts of His Body Burned.

"PAY to the order of Ambrose J. Small the sum of One Million Dollars."

Little did the shrewd fifty-six-year-old Toronto theatre owner think as he looked at the check made out in his name one day in December seventeen years ago that twenty-four hours later his disappearance would startle the world, and that it would at length be explained, as it was a few weeks ago in a Toronto law court by an extraordinary confession signed by his wife, Theresa, accusing herself of murder.

He did not think, as he gazed at that slip of paper, representing one-third of the fortune he had amassed, that his estate would be willed by his wife to the Roman Catholic Church when she died, and then be fought over by his two sisters, Florence and Gertrude, who later produced the startling confession. In it, Theresa Small said that the body of her husband was cut up, part of it burned in the furnace of his own theatre, and the trunk, too large to be put into the furnace, thrown on a dump in the Rosedale section of Toronto.

Ambrose J. Small's thoughts that day seventeen years ago must have been pleasant ones, as he sat in his office in the Grand Opera House which he owned. He probably thought of his rags-to-riches career, of how he started as a poor ticket-taker who studied law on the side, and who, by long, hard work and shrewd business dealings, could now retire on a comfortable fortune.

But his retirement was swift and unexpected. Within a short while after he had received the check and turned it over to the bank, his disappearance became one of the greatest crime mysteries of Canada. It has long baffled the police and criminologists of three continents who were spurred on to solve the case by a reward of $50,000 which, oddly enough, was offered by the wife who later confessed that she was implicated in the murder.

Long after his sudden disappearance, Ambrose J. Small was "seen" in such scattered points as Paris, Iowa and Mexico. Harry Blackstone, the magician, a friend of Small's, was among those who "saw" Small in Juarez, Mexico.

"There could not possibly have been any mistake in the matter," he declared. "I was associated with Mr. Small for some time in Toronto in a business way and we got to know each other very well. He waved cordially across the table to me in a Juarez gambling house and showed he recognized me."

But this and other supposed clues which were run down by sleuths failed to produce the missing Small and the case seemed to be at a standstill until, recently it assumed a new and puzzling twist brought about by Mrs. Small's death last Fall.

When her will was read, as sole executor of the estate left by her husband she gave the entire fortune to the Catholic Church. Small's sisters, Florence and Gertrude, objected. They went to court with their private investigator, Patrick Sullivan, and told the judge that they would produce new evidence which would convince the judge that the estate should not be turned over to anybody until they had their day in court.

That day came a short time ago when they produced a typewritten confession purportedly signed by Theresa Small, now deceased. They also produced witnesses and handwriting experts who said that the signature was genuine. Mrs. Small's confession admitted murder and under the Canadian law a murderer cannot dispose of his or her estate.

The document offered in court by the sisters said:

"Poor Ambrose was killed on December 2, 1919, and I know that a part of his body—the trunk—was buried in the Rosedale Ravine dump, and other parts of the body were burned in the Grand Opera House furnace. You will be surprised, my dear Florence and Gertrude, to learn that I am more than any other person responsible for your brother's death. God forgive me.

"I will not cause any more pain to a living soul, and that is why I will not reveal the names of those who are involved in this gruesome crime; but I will tell you one thing—it cost me plenty to close their mouths.

"I am leaving the bulk of your brother's estate to those who are doing Christ's work on earth; they will always pray for the repose of our souls. I request you, in the name of Christ, not to give the contents of this letter to any other person; leave the matter rest."

But this confession from beyond the grave, supposedly that of a woman whose lips are sealed by death, instead of solving the case has only made it more puzzling to the police. For a long time they were not sure whether Small was murdered or missing. Now that the confession says he was murdered, they are faced with a murder mystery without a corpse, for both the Rosedale dump and the Grand Opera House furnace have been searched many times during the past seventeen years without giving the slightest clue.

"Whose mouths did Mrs. Small close?" is the question which the Ontario police are now asking. And in probing the seventeen-year-old mystery they have put together some, but not quite all of the pieces of the jigsaw whose completion may reveal the actual killer.

When Ambrose J. Small received his million-dollar check on the morning of December 2, 1919, he met his wife and they deposited it in the bank. After having lunch together, they visited a Catholic children's institution. Small then left his wife about 3 P. M. promising to return home to dinner at 6:30 P. M. He returned to his office where he remained until 5:30.

He did not phone as he had promised but dropped into the lobby of Lamb's Hotel next door after 5:30 where he chatted with some friends as was his habit. At 7:15 he stopped in front of the hotel to buy some newspapers from a newsboy who knew him.

This much of Small's actions on the day of his disappearance is known. The clues which may show just when Small did disappear or was murdered are now being sifted by the police in an effort to put this crime-puzzle together. One of the pieces which seems to fit is the evidence of Frederick Osborne, caretaker of the Grand Opera House in 1918, who may be able to reveal the names of those whose "mouths were closed" by Theresa Small.

A year and nine months before the disappearance of Small, Osborne said that he had been invited to join in a plot to murder him. A man came up to Osborne while he was sweeping out the theatre and said: "How would you like to have $20,000?"

Osborne asked for more details and was told:

"I will get behind Mr. Small in his office and strangle him. You won't have to help in the dirty work. Mrs. Small will get her money. My share is $75,000; yours is $20,000. There is another man in it. You know him but I will not tell you who he is until you see him."

Another piece of evidence which the authorities are trying to fit into the pattern is that given by Thomas Shields, a stereotyper, who claimed to have seen Small in the boiler-room of the Grand Opera House as late as 10 P. M. on the night of Small's disappearance. Shields said that he and a friend met James Cowan, manager of the opera house, outside of the theatre and were invited in for a drink.

"Small and another man were already there," Shields said. "They were talking loudly, chewing the rag. There seemed to be a row on. It was about 10 P. M. A minute or two after I went in, one of the men said to Small: 'You ——, I am going to put you in that coal hole.' I had one drink then. I was offered another and took it. There was a brisk fire in the furnace and the room was awfully hot.

"I had two drinks down there, but I would have stayed and had more if it hadn't been for the row. One of the men left a few minutes later and then a second man left. In about ten minutes from the time I went down I left and met my friend outside. There was one man with Small when I went out. I was a little nervous—that's what made me leave."

The man who offered Osborne $20,000 and who, according to Shields, quarreled with Small and remained alone with him in the basement of the opera house after the others had gone, is known to the police. Affidavits giving his name were recently produced in court.

An incidental figure in the case is John Doughty, who was Small's right-hand man. He had been with him for nineteen years, knew his business and personal secrets. Doughty knew about the women whom Small had taken with him on his frequent business trips. And with all this confidential knowledge, he had been paid only $45 a week salary by Small.

Three weeks after Small's disappearance, Doughty also vanished with $100,000 worth of bonds belonging to Small. But the police had better luck in discovering the missing secretary than they did the employer. They located Doughty in Oregon, arrested him and brought him back to Toronto, where he served seven years in prison.

After Small disappeared his wife began to act strangely, according to Matilda Weiss, the dead woman's former housemaid who, when she was located recently in Los Angeles gave an account of the goings-on in the Small household.

"I thought the house was haunted and so did the chauffeur," said Matilda Weiss. "Mrs. Small always kept one of her two cellars locked and carried the keys on her person. No one was allowed to go near the cellar. Even when confined in a hospital following an accident, Mrs. Small kept the keys with her.

"Often she went to the cellar alone, but I could never see what she did, she watched me so closely. I often thought she was saying prayers there because she usually took her rosary with her.

"Mrs. Small was terribly nervous about strangers or callers. She told me once that her enemies were bothering her, that some of them were detectives, and that under no circumstances was I ever to let anyone in the house. She would never answer the door but would stand on the stairs, out of view of the door and inspect the callers before coming down. Her strange actions finaly bothered me so much that I could not sleep. I heard noises. I heard her up at all hours of the night. I finally left the place as I was afraid to spend the nights there alone."

One may well wonder why some of the newly discovered evidence was not brought forward earlier especially since Florence Small admitted that she had been informed of the confession in 1923 after Bert G. Browne and Patrick Small, a cousin of Ambrose Small, had witnessed the signing of the confession.

As the confession itself was not made public after Mrs. Small's death, the two sisters were able to use it to light the spark which exploded a bombshell among the Ontario police and stirred them to their recent new efforts to solve the disappearance of Ambrose J. Small.

Aroused and angry that their "dear sister" had willed all of the money to the church while branding herself as one of the murderers of their brother, Florence and Gertrude Small have carried on a determined fight.

The will of the missing man which was written in 1903 and which bequeathed all of Small's property to his wife, was attacked by the sisters some years ago, but they settled out of court for $400,000 as their share of Small's estate.

The court has recorded the alleged confession of Theresa Small and the fortune she left has not been given away as Theresa hoped it would be when she wrote her will.

The Ontario police have turned to their investigation of the case with renewed energy and amateur sleuths too are trying to uncover evidence which may lead to a large reward. But in spite of all this activity, the most famous case in Canadian criminal history still remains a murder mystery without a corpse—for not a trace of the missing Ambrose J. Small has ever been found.

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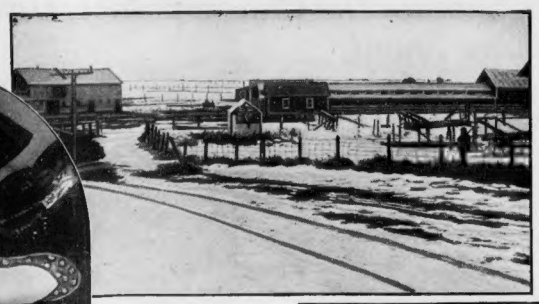
Adventures of the Noble Lord Edwa

Born in an Ancestral Castle With Wealth and Every Social Advantage, His Dramatic Slipped Do the Lowes Among Verm and Finally

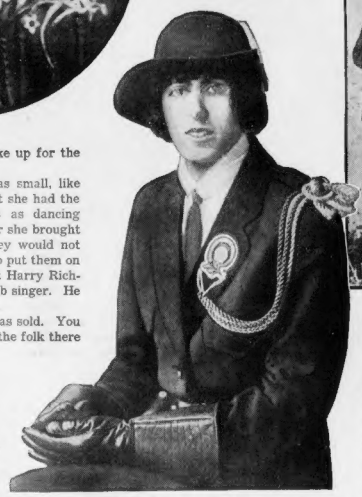
LORD EDWARD MONTA had the misfortune of be and yet he had a taste fo and bums. King Edward VII American heiress and his fathe little British lord was born thi ably have had the courage to fo adventures this young noblema

The Late Texas Guinan, Who Was a Generous Friend of Lord Edward and His Father, the Duke of Manchester.



Dreary Winter View of the Farm Buildings of Lord Rodney's Ranch in Alberta, Canada.

A Distinguished Group of Titled Farmers and Farm-hands on Lord Rodney's Canadian Ranch. From Left to Right—Duc de Nemours, Heir to the French "Throne," Lord Edward Montagu, Lord Rodney, Lady Rodney, Manager of the Farm Osborn and Hon. John Stanley.



Lady Rodney in Her Uniform of Chief Commissioner of Alberta for the Girl Guides. Her Ladyship Did the Household Chores Around the Ranch-house.

CHAPTER II.

By LORD EDWARD MONTAGU.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

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I EXPLAINED last Sunday how my lack of interest in the figures you set down on paper in a certified accountant's job, which my family had arranged for me, and my rather intense interest in the figures of some of the lovely ladies of the stage resulted in a family council, and it was decided that I should be shipped off to Canada to learn farming on the farm conducted by Lord and Lady Rodney, in the Province of Alberta, near Edmonton.

But doing the chores and tending the pigs and harvesting the crops did not seem to fit my genius, whatever it may have been. So I tried my hand at various other things, including selling bonds, driving a taxicab and working on a newspaper. But none of these jobs brought me in much financial return and I abandoned them one after the other. Meanwhile, I had tried to become engaged to an Edmonton girl, Miss Potter, and it seemed to be agreed by her father and herself that I ought to stir myself and make some sort of a competent income.

While considering what to do next, I got the surprise of my life one day when a letter arrived saying that my allowance from the trust fund established by my grandmother would be increased from about $1,250 a year to $5,000. With this good news I decided to take a trip to New York, where my father, the Duke of Manchester, happened to be on one of his periodical visits to America. And it was at Christmas time, 1928, that I met Marjorie Angermeier, with whom later, when she committed suicide in a Chicago hotel, my name was to be linked up so tragically.

There were at that time—before the repeal of prohibition—36,000 speakeasies in New York. When Marjorie Angermeier rang up one day to inquire for me, my father in reply to the question as to where I was to be found, said:

"Edward has probably found 30,000 of them. I suppose he is out trying to discover the other 6,000."

Among the places which I went to during this whirlwind fortnight was Tex Guinan's, probably the most famous night club in the world. Tex had, it appeared, a tremendous regard and respect for my father, and when I was introduced to her she shook both my hands and said to me:

"So you're Kim's son. Well, say, everything is free for you at this club. Just look in any time you want and I'll see they look after you."

Texas Guinan is dead. So is Mrs. Kate Meyrick. I knew them both well. They were the respective queens of New York and London night club life. And they had much in common. Both would charge most exorbitant, even extortionate prices for whatever one consumed in their clubs. I have known Tex Guinan to present a bill for $45 for coffee and sandwiches for four. But both of them gave away thousands of pounds to people who were broke. A friend of mine was ill in New York and rather hard up. Tex Guinan rang him up and told him: "Don't worry about dough. Draw on me up to $10,000 if you need it." And both she and Mrs Meyrick could have papered rooms with the "dud" checks they had cashed. And after all, does not the swagger doctor or tailor charge big prices to make up for the people who don't pay?

Tex Guinan's place was small, like the "43" in London. But she had the loveliest bunch of girls as dancing partners. You remember she brought them to Europe, but they would not let her land in England to put them on in a show. At her club I met Harry Richman, the well-known night club singer. He opened a club of his own later.

At Tex's place no liquor was sold. You had to bring your own. And the folk there certainly did. One night I was there I saw a man come in and at his heels was a huge fellow who seemed to be out of place in the surroundings. He sat at the same table as this first man, but they did not seem to speak. Immediately my mind ran to "protection;" that is to say, the second man was the bodyguard of the other, who might be a bootlegger or gangster. I asked Tex if this were co.

She roared with laughter.

"Gee, no, Edward," she said. "That man is ———." She named a big man in Wall Street. "And the big guy is his walking hip pocket." She saw I was puzzled. "He's the flask carrier. He has a coupla big pockets inside his jacket and if you watch you'll see him produce a flask whenever the man who's hiring him asks for it."

I did watch. And did I see a flask? I'll say I did. I have never seen one like it in my life. It must have held at least a quart. It appears the flask carrier had two of them, one with whisky and one with gin, and every evening he accompanied his master everywhere so that the Wall Street man could have what he wanted to drink without the trouble of carrying it in his own suit.

It was after that fortnight that I went off to Detroit, and there made my first actual contact with bootleggers and gunmen. You shall see how I was nearly "taken for a ride" for getting mixed up in the affair of a little vendetta in a gambling den and what happened at a Detroit "speakeasy."

None of my family has ever been what you would call timid. The record of the Montagus, as I have read it, shows that the menfolk never paid a whole lot of attention to Shakespeare's behest: "In a false quarrel there is no true valour."

I do not think I am any different that way from the others. But there are times, moments, when to quarrel, or put up a scrap, would be just plain foolish. One of them is when a tough who has the reputation of having taken seven lives sticks his gun in your ribs, and he has two gunmen friends and you are alone.

Such a moment came to me in Detroit. Twice later in Los Angeles and Hollywood I was to experience what it feels like to be held up.

I returned to Edmonton after that stay in New York with my father, and once more I pressed my suit (I believe that is the approved phrase) with my wife. Once more she kept on refusing. Not that she exactly hated the sight of me. On the contrary, she told me quite frankly that she returned my affection, but that her stern parent thought I ought to get settled in some kind of job before we married.

This, of course, was plain horse sense, except that I just seemed unable to land the kind of job that was necessary. It was not a case of getting a job that suited me. It was to get a job that I suited. Any kind of job would have suited me. But while I do not decry a public school education altogether, it is, I found, a big handicap in the labor market when your competitors have all practical and specialized education. And a title in Canada is an added disadvantage. People are suspicious there about men with titles really wanting to work. They think that fellows like myself must be doing it merely for the fun of the thing.

Now at this time my future sister-in-law had an illness that necessitated a serious operation. It was decided she should go to the famous Mayo's Sanatorium at Rochester, Minnesota. My future wife went to Rochester with her and I accompanied them. Then came an invitation to me from the former wife of a well known motor manufacturer, to spend a few days at her house in Detroit.

I went and I found that Marjorie Angermeier, whom I had previously met in New York, was also one of the guests.

Now I must explain that Detroit has only the three-quarter of a mile width of a river between it and Canada. So, in prohibition days, as you can imagine, it was one of the greatest centers of the liquor running business.

Most of the houses and buildings on the river bank in Detroit had places underneath them open to the river where fair-sized boats could sail in. While there, of course, the boats are hidden. There was a huge fleet of speed boats, some of which could do up to 50 knots, which were used by the rum-runners who were divided up into various gangs each with its corresponding gang on the American side of the river. The rivalry between these gangs was keen enough to shave a man without soap. And, of course, all the "liquor barons" had their hired gunmen and thugs to do the protection work and now and then to do a little arguing with the police when they became too inquisitive.

The night after my arrival, it was suggested we should go along for a little mild excitement to a gambling den. Marjorie Angermeier was put under my especial escort.

The place had its entrance through a garage. It was all very dark, very gloomy, and with the river running along the walls at the back rather sinister looking. At the end of the garage there was a little cubbyhole arrangement near a door, and as we approached a man rose and came forward to us. After scrutinizing us thoroughly, he came up to me and in the quick and effective way they have in the States he ran his hands over me. I wondered for a moment why and then realized he was searching me for a concealed gun. I found later he was also running me over to see if I had a flask. One was not allowed to take liquor inside. They reckoned that the combination of "hooch" and losing heavily at cards might prove just a little bit troublesome in some cases.

Inside, as we passed through the door which the man opened for us, was as bright and luxurious as it had been forbidding outside. The hall and the rooms were such as you might find in any select Continental gambling salon. Indeed, the roulette room, except for the table itself, reminded me in some of its furnishings of my father's house in Grosvenor Square. In a corner of the hall I had noticed a table with a man standing beside it. On the table was a big pile of automatic pistols and revolvers. I discovered that those who did carry a gun on arriving "parked it," or left it there, just as one leaves a hat or umbrella in a cloakroom in a restaurant.

Besides the room which was laid out for roulette, at which about a dozen people were playing as we went in, there was another for poker, and still another for blackjack—a variety of vingt-et-un—and craps—dice. These rooms communicated and at a table in the doorway between them and commanding all three was yet another man who sat with a light machine gun at his hand. Clearly, they were taking no chances in this place. It was not surprising. "Bouncers," or gunmen with shoulder strap guns beneath their jackets, were also on guard. For I was told that gangsters made a regular practice of raiding these places when they thought there was a big party on with lots of money being played, and plenty of valuable jewels to be got from the wealthy women visitors by means of a hold-up.

This club and another similar one I visited. Each of these reserved one floor for dancing and one for gambling. I did not dance. Neither did Marjorie Angermeier, nor a friend of my father, whom I ran into there. Instead I had a go at the roulette table. I entered the place with $80 and came out with $1,200. Mugs for luck, I suppose.

We left the club at quarter to four in the morning and Marjorie and I went on to see one of the sights of Detroit. The morgue! Everybody who is out to make whoopee for a night goes to the morgue to see the "stiffs." They got plenty there, for, as I have told you, there were plenty of internecine quarrels between the gangs, and in the course of their pursuit of the rum-running speed boats, the "cops" were always bagging a few victims of the guns they mount in their bows.

It seemed that I was booked that night for a round of the sights of Detroit. But then, whether it has been Chinatown, San Francisco; Greenwich Village or Harlem, New York; or the tougher quarters of Seattle and other Pacific Coast towns, my motto has always been: See what you can; you may never have another chance.

So we arrived at one of the better-known night spots. And like the lady at "Trinity Church" in an old music hall song I have heard my father hum in a reminiscent moment, this was where I nearly "met my doom."

I was introduced to the proprietor. He cocked a snub nose at me and his pale blue eyes of Irish origin looked hard out of his mahogany face at me to weigh me up. I knew instinctively that the "Lord Edward" prefix which someone quite needlessly used had rattled him. I think he imagined we were

The Ermine Coat

by Josephine Bentham

The Story of a Young Man Who Knew He Was in Love, but Nearly Made a Mistake. Complete in This Issue.

With Her Left Hand She Held the Handkerchief to Her Nose and With Her Right She Went on With "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

THE old doctor brought his car to the curb—and Anita Sheridan came running forward, sliding a little on the slush-covered walk.

"Well!" he said. He scratched his nose with a heavily-gloved forefinger, and peered at her slyly. "You heard from the boy, I suppose?"

That was the way with these two: to weave some mention of the boy into every greeting.

"Yes," said Anita. "I had a letter this morning."

And, as she spoke, the words of the letter leapt to her mind . . . and it's as if the whole of my life had been a sort of preface. My real life is beginning right now. Do you remember how we used to imagine it? William Brown, Jr., M. D.! And now I'm all set to tackle the problems of the universe. Including marriage. Of course that would be a hard pull, with the sort of practice people would trust to me at first. But other young couples are beginning on less, I imagine."

"Then you know he'll be coming home tonight." The old doctor stroked the wheel of his car for a moment. "I can't quite believe it, my dear!"

Anita nodded gravely—knowing how he felt. It was difficult to realize that Bill was not still the little boy who had pulled his first watch from his pocket, to consider the time of day with an air of preoccupation and pride—that Anita was not still the wide-eyed little girl, deeply impressed by this masculine performance.

For many years the Browns had lived across the street from the Sheridans. And the memory of those years was sweet. It was old Dr. Brown who had brought Anita Sheridan into the world—and it was he who had ministered to Anita's mother at the last. There had been a doctor in the Brown family as long as any one in Sanford could remember. And now, with Bill's internship behind him, the town was to have its old Dr. Brown and its young Dr. Brown. This, indeed, was the ripening of long promise—the fulfillment of the years.

Anita drew a deep breath.

"Yes," she said, "it's almost too good to be true!"

The doctor, in an abstracted fashion, went on stroking the wheel of his car. The wheel had been worn to the smooth grain—the color of honey.

"Anita," he said abruptly, "did Bill say anything about that girl from Baltimore—the one who's staying at the Todds'?"

Anita stared at him.

"She's a girl by the name of Hayes," he said, in a tone a shade too casual. "Cicely Hayes."

Anita remembered that, the night before, she had met Mary Todd in Sanford's leading drug-store, a dispensary of soda and scandal—and that Mary had with her some one called Cicely, an incredibly slender young person whose wide blue eyes conveyed neither emotion nor thought.

"But she's just come to town," stammered Anita. "Surely——"

"The boy met her a couple of months ago in Baltimore," the doctor put in, rather brusquely. "It seems he found out that she'd gone to school with Mary Todd and had a standing invitation to visit Mary here in Sanford. So the whole thing was a sort of conspiracy among the three of 'em."

"I see," said Anita.

But she saw only the car tracks in the slush of the road, and the line of bare trees that led over the hill to the town. Now a car appeared at the crest of this hill, and swept down as gaily as a child's red sled.

"It's Bill!" cried the doctor.

Bill put on his brakes and grinned at them. Then he leapt out of the car. He was like a young god. The Winter sun struck sparks from his golden head.

"Hello, you two! Where's the fatted calf?"

His father chuckled.

"I think there'll be lamb chops," he said. "But aren't you ahead of time?"

Bill nodded. He had clapped his father's shoulder, and playfully he had cuffed Anita's ear. He was overjoyed to see them. That was obvious. His father looked at him narrowly.

"Don't bang the girl about like that," he said. "Don't you realize that she's a young lady now!"

Bill pulled off Anita's caracul cap and rumpled her dark hair; he looked at her with pleased eyes and ended by putting his strong right arm around her.

"She needs me to bang her about," he explained to his father. "It keeps her in her place."

Anita smiled feebly. Old Dr. Brown looked at his son with a sharp eye.

"What are you doing tonight?" he demanded.

"I'm sharing those lamb chops with you, sir," said Bill. "And then—well, there's a girl staying with the Todds, you know. I—uh—of course you and I would have a good long talk first, but——" He paused here, and smiled sheepishly at his father. "Oh, well, you see how it is!"

* * *

THE engagement was not announced immediately, but rumors of the engagement had filtered even into The Sanford Morning News.

It was upon the Sunday afternoon following Bill's arrival that old Dr. Brown himself called at the Sheridan house—his agitation evident.

He pinched Anita's cheek, prodded a gentle boot against the ribs of the Sheridans' ancient spaniel, and sank into the depths of a shabby leather chair with that faint sigh of relief characteristic of plump old gentlemen.

Anita put a large ash-tray at his elbow.

"My father's not home," she said.

"I know, my dear. I saw him driving down the east road. And I wanted to have a little talk with you, as a matter of fact."

Anita colored faintly.

"What other attitude could I take?" she demanded.

He pulled furiously at the old pipe.

"All these years," he said, ignoring her question. "I've had it in my head that you and Bill would carry on together—it's a marriage that's been in the cards, my dear, ever since you were children——"

"Not in our cards" put in Anita. "Bill and I have never——"

"What difference does that make?" asked the old man irascibly. "You didn't need any pretty speeches, you two! And you've had my son in the back of your mind ever since you were knee-high to a grasshopper—haven't you, my dear?"

Anita looked at him for a moment.

"Yes," she said.

The old doctor leaned forward and patted her hand.

"Then why do you let a thing like this happen, my child?"

"I'm no Delilah, I suppose."

"You don't have to be. Do men marry Delilahs?" He waved an impatient hand and rushed on before she could answer. "I tell you, I'd have given the last dollar I own in the world to have prevented this affair. It's going to be—it's going to be ruinous, Anita!"

Anita looked at him thoughtfully.

"It may be that we're prejudiced," she said.

The old doctor snorted.

"You've seen her, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, then!" he paused and tapped his pipe-stem on his chubby forefinger. "You see what's going to happen, don't you? That girl's not the type who's going to be content to stay in Sanford, you know."

"But . . ."

"There's no 'but' about it!" the old man shouted. "Don't you suppose I know anything about women, Anita? That girl once she's married to the boy won't rest until she gets him to the city—to a fashionable practice and big fees. She won't understand what we feel about Sanford and the people of Sanford—not that girl! She'll resent old Mrs. Kruger having a heart attack just when she and Bill are getting ready for a dinner party. She won't understand how babies like to be born in the small hours—or how old sick people get into sudden panics—oh, what's the use! The girl wasn't made to be a small-town doctor's wife, and nobody'll realize that fact any sooner than she will. You mark my words, Anita."

Vigorously, the old man tapped ashes from the bowl of his pipe. Anita cast about for words of comfort.

"After all," she began, "the doctor——"

"The doctor," he said grimly, "is no better than the doctor's wife."

"Still, you may be mistaken about the girl."

Dr. Brown lifted an ironical eyebrow.

"You know damned well I'm not mistaken," he said.

Anita was silent. It was true that all the rumors in the town confirmed the doctor's opinion of Bill's girl. Cicely's parents had lost most of their wealth in the crash of the stock market. But during the subsequent years they had retained a precarious foothold in their world. Cicely's brother had his streamlined roadster, not paid for; and Cicely had clothes which made other girls' clothes look sensible. She had among other things, an ermine coat. The soft fur of this expensive coat lent a frame to her golden head and her loveliness folds enhanced the effect of helplessness of her extreme fragility. And she invariably wore it on a cool when the other women were wearing muskrat or raccoon.

The old man glared at Anita.

"Why doesn't he realize that you're the one for him—the drafted young fool!"

Anita reddened.

"I think that men are more romantic than girls," she said slowly. "And there's nothing romantic about me—as far as Bill's concerned. You mustn't think that Bill let me down in any way! I was taking a lot too much for granted——"

"Nonsense! It was in the cards—it was always in the cards! Now—what are we going to do about it, Anita?"

He looked at her almost prayerfully. Anita shook her head.

"There's nothing that either of us can say or do," she assured him.

"So! Then we have to stand by and watch the young fool walk right into the frying pan. Unless——"

"Unless——?" prompted Anita.

Anita waited without comment while her old friend brought out his pipe and tobacco pouch. He was more at ease when the warm bowl of the pipe was cradled in his palm.

"It's this business about Bill," he said abruptly.

Anita made no attempt to evade his eyes.

"You mean his engagement," she said.

"He's not engaged yet!"

"But he will be," said Anita.

"See here!" the old man roared. "See here! Is that the attitude you're going to take, young woman?"

Dr. Brown sighed.

"Unless there's an Act of God," he told her.

* * *

LIFE in the small town went on in its usual even course. The town had its comedies and its tragi-comedies and its actual tragedies—but these events were anticipated by the town and they flowed into the life-current of the town without question or protest from anybody. Sanford had accepted the fact that its young doctor was going to marry a girl who wore a real ermine coat to the dances at the country club. Sanford, no longer resentful of the stranger was beginning to take a complacent civic pride in that ermine coat. There had been some gossip about Anita Sheridan's reaction to the coat, but even this gossip had been left to the town's old women, who could find savor in a tidbit of scandal long after everybody else had wearied of it.

Anita, in the meantime had taught the second verse of "America" to her charges in the local grammar school. She had acted as mediator in the quarrel that had arisen between Miss Gillespie and Miss Rogers over the condition of the blackboard. She had taken several new books from the library, and she had reminded her father every morning, to take the medicine he detested. Life, in other words, went on. Hearts seldom break—sometimes they wither.

Anita did not refuse the invitation to the party that Mary Todd was giving at the club. There are no easy excuses in a small town—a small town knows very well when one is ill, or caring for relatives who are ill. So Anita went to the dance, escorted by an admirer whose name was Tracy Putnam and who was a very earnest young man with a fluttering black ribbon attached to his pince-nez. If this had been a moving picture, thought Anita, she would have appeared at Mary's party in a dress from Paris which would have brought out new number of hitherto hidden charms and which would have eclipsed, quite successfully, the dress of her rival. She would have arrived, moreover, in the company of a man quite different from poor old Tracy, a man capable of arousing fierce jealousy in the breast of Bill Brown.

But events in Sanford did not shape themselves in so romantic a fashion. Anita wore her newest dress—a garment that was sensible, becoming, and certainly not breath-

He Even Put His Arm About Anita as He Introduced Cicely. And This, Thought Anita, Was the Most Painful Moment of All.

taking. And she danced with Tracy Putnam, who talked about the floor like an animated pair of scissors. If Anita had been a movie star she would not have looked glamorous dancing with Tracy.

Cicely made a late entrance, of course. Anita caught a glimpse of her in the hall looking very little and wistful with the folds of ermine wrapped closely about her almost non-existent hips a gossamer of apple-green shining about her silver heels. Bill was at her side, looking prouder than ever, and very handsome.

The orchestra began to play a brisk fox-trot, and Tracy promptly began to caper in his own odd fashion. Anita yielding to Tracy's mood, was at the same time wondering vaguely why she had ever been born.

Bill danced with her, of course. If he had been her brother he would have danced with her in the same way. In fact, he assumed a tone definitely fraternal as he

ANITA regretted that impulsive invitation—afterward. The schoolroom, in the crude light of morning, had a workaday aspect of its own. The blackboard [illegible] around the [illegible] pupils [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] of the room had no [illegible] piano and a small [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible] room. The [illegible] behavior were possessed of all [illegible] children on [illegible] [illegible] eraser of Mabel [illegible] he put the eraser into his [illegible] chewed it. And Mabel [illegible] arrived in [illegible] golden [illegible] in regard to [illegible] versy. Cicely shrank a little from the tumult. She was wearing a black velvet hat, the [illegible] slanted rakishly over her [illegible] and she was wearing the [illegible] at

"Not in the best of taste," [illegible] Miss Gillespie, "at this hour of the morning."

Anita wondered briefly if she was going to be like Miss Gillespie [illegible] had a disposition like an [illegible] quince. Anita forced herself [illegible] knowledge that Cicely looked like an angel.

Bill and Cicely were given chairs in the back of the room. Miss Rogers and Miss Gillespie took their [illegible] towering over the heads of forty children. The actual presence of the guests had subdued the young [illegible] some who, with the arrogance [illegible] of their years, had become [illegible] seriously docile—even a little [illegible] Anita, feeling rather ridiculous, [illegible] the steps to the platform [illegible] her place at the battered piano. The children rose and sang, in [illegible] shrill, piercing little voices, all the words of "America."

Then one by one, the children came upon the platform. They recited and they sang—with leers on the part of the little boys, and titters on the part of the little girls. It [illegible] bad for Bill, thought Anita, that Cicely would probably [illegible] Bill had always liked children, and these particular children were his [illegible] patients. He'd be put [illegible] the measles and the [illegible] Cicely took him [illegible] Anita [illegible] Margie [illegible] of [illegible]

Yet [illegible] [illegible] was [illegible] [illegible] when [illegible] [illegible] Margie [illegible]. The [illegible] in her eyes [illegible] very real. It was like [illegible]

* * *

THE [illegible] the door of the cloak-room. It curled like a [illegible] gray plume. Anita with her eye on that door, sent a quick smile to Margie and waved her off the platform. [illegible] a moment of silence that [illegible] [illegible] applause, a sharp, [illegible] from the cloak-room.

Anita left the piano and faced the audience. She was smiling. [illegible] "We're going to have the fire-drill, we're going to show our guests how well trained we are."

[illegible] Bill Brown; then they found Miss Rogers [illegible]. She saw Bill's eyes [illegible] [illegible] moved about the room and [illegible] door. Then she [illegible] [illegible] and began to play. "The stars and stripes [illegible]" [illegible] that the children had thrown [illegible] [illegible] that they were looking self-conscious [illegible] [illegible] She reminded herself to play the march as [illegible] and not by the fraction of a second [illegible] the tempo. The children were not alarmed as yet, but Anita heard Miss Gillespie giving her fire chief's orders in a sharp, unnatural voice.

The plan was a fire-trap. The only door was the entrance door some distance from the platform. The children near the door were certainly safe. The children near the platform——

Suddenly the door to the cloak-room was bright with flame a second later smoke rolled out in a great cloud. She saw the little heads, flaxen and brown, bobbing behind that incoming cloud of smoke. She heard a little gir[illegible]

(Continued on Page 16)

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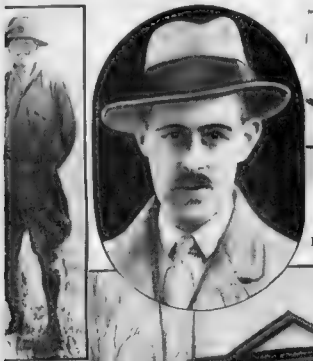
rd Montagu

Lordship Tells in Detail How He wn and Down to it Dregs of Life iin-Ridden Tramps Landed in Prison

GU, son of the present Duke of Manchester, ing born to title and aristocratic atmosphere adventure and the companionship of tramps was his godfather, his mother was a wealthy r has four castles or estates. On the day the rty years ago, no fortune-teller would prob- recast the astonishing career and the ignoble n relates in his own words in these pages.



Lord Rodney.

The Rodney Farmhouse on a Knoll of Trees on Lord Rodney's Farm in Canada, Where Young Men of Title Came to Learn Farming.

"And presently three men slouched in. If I were writing a fiction story, I would describe the trio in such detail as would give you an idea of how tough they looked. And as they came up to the bar, the boy slid along towards me. Then in a hurried whisper he said:

"'Say, talk to me, buddy, like you've known me a long time.'

"Without clearly grasping the big idea of it all, I gathered that the boy was afraid of these three toughs and that he wanted to give them the impression that he had a friend with him. So I talked to him. And he to me.

* * *

"Suddenly the man called 'Cappie' came over to the boy.

"'Say, reckon you'd better come outside and have that little talk we was goin' to have, you and me. Come on out now. I'll go first.' And out he went. His two companions strolled out with their hands in their pockets and whistling.

"As soon as they had gone through the door, the boy gripped my arm. 'Buddy, you won't leave me, will you? They won't do anything so long as a strange guy is with me. Say you'll go out with me!'"

oulling his leg. And I for one would not in the east have relished pulling the nether limb of this gentleman. However, he asked us to name our 'poison." We did so and parked ourselves against he bar.

As we were talking, a boy came in. If you will ecollect that I was twenty-two myself then, you will know that when I say a boy I mean a real ild. About 17 I should say. He ordered a drink nd swallowed it at a gulp and asked for another. Ie struck me as on edge. He kept looking round .t the door as if expecting someone to enter, xpecting and fearing.

Five minutes or so after the boy's arrival we eard the doorbell. The proprietor himself an- wered and presently three men slouched in. If I ere writing a fiction story I would describe the rio in such detail as would give you an idea of how ough they looked. As I am merely giving you he experiences of my life to date, I will only say hat the way they struck me was that raw buf- alo hide would look like breast of chicken beside hem. And as they came up to the bar, the boy lid along towards me. Then in a hurried whisper ie said:

"Say, talk to me, buddy, like you've known me a long time."

Without clearly grasping the big idea of it all, gathered that the boy was afraid of these three oughs and that he wanted to give them the im- ression that he had a friend with him. So I alked to him. And he to me. While the trio were busy ordering further drinks he talked to uch purpose that he told me that owing to some ow about a deal in liquor, these gentlemen had hreatened to "take him for a ride."

Now, while in Canada and at home in England, had read the usual stuff about gangsters and utting people on the spot. But like most English- nen, I suppose, I had thought a good deal of it elonged to American "thriller" stories and I cer- ainly never imagined I should butt in on the real hing. Yet here it was. The boy, I could see, vas half mad with terror. And when I heard two f the men address the third as "Cappie," it all eemed like a nightmare coming true.

Suddenly the man called "Cappie" came over o the boy.

"Say, reckon you'd better come outside and ave that little talk we was goin' to have, you and ne. Come on out now. I'll go first." And out he went. His two companions strolled out with their hands in their pockets and whistling.

As soon as they had gone through the door the boy gripped my arm. "Buddy, you won't leave me, will you? They won't do anything so long as a strange guy is with me. Say you'll go out with me!"

Now I want to say this: I have never been a hero, either to my valet when I had one, nor to anyone else. To be honest, I did not in the least relish the job of acting as protector to that kid. But what else could I do? I couldn't, knowing what I did now, let him go off alone to certain murder. So I did a spot of quick thinking. I asked one of our party to go along to the Book-Cadillac Hotel, which was only a few blocks away and to send along a taxi to the place we were visiting at once.

While we waited I made the boy swallow a neat brandy. He was shaking violently. And I don't mind admitting I had a stiff peg myself. Then we heard the taxi draw up outside. I took the boy's arm. "Come along," I said in a manner more jaunty than I felt. "Say, I'll see you out," volunteered the boss. And the three of us stepped out of the speakeasy. I thrust the boy into the cab and stepped in myself. The only sign of anyone lurking around was a shadow that moved slightly on the sidewalk across the street. The driver let in his clutch and we dashed off to the Book-Cadillac Hotel.

By a coincidence I found the boy was staying there temporarily, so we went to his room. I took a decision. I picked up the telephone and called up the police station. The boy tried to stop me, but I got through. I told them briefly what had happened and asked them if they could send a man or men along to the hotel at once.

We were sitting, talking, while waiting for the police when there was a knock at the door. The kid's face went the color of his bed sheets.

"Don't let them in. For God's sake, don't let them in," he begged.

I got up, however, and went to the door. "Who's there?" I asked without opening. There was no answer for a moment and then a voice said: "This is the manager. I want to speak to you."

But that momentary hesitation decided me. I kept the door locked and I listened through the edge of it. I heard whispering and then footsteps that went off along the corridor. Quarter of an hour passed; twenty minutes that seemed like half a day to me. And then I heard bold footsteps coming towards the room. They stopped and a voice said:

"This is the assistant manager with the police. Open the door."

The boy called to me: "It's O.K. I know his voice. You can open." I did so, and there stood three men, two of them unmistakably plain-clothes policemen.

Explanations and statements were made hurriedly by the boy and then the senior policeman said to me:

"Now then, you take us along to this speakeasy. What's your name, by the way?"

"Lord Edward Montagu," I replied. He looked at me with a grin. "That's a funny kind of monniker," he said. "But mebbe it's real. Anyway, come along."

We got down to the police car and there I got a shock. For sitting between two other policemen was one of the tough trio who had been at the night club. We got in making seven of us altogether, but some American police cars are about as big as a young char-a-banc. And we arrived at the "speakie."

It was now about breakfast time and I was getting peckish and definitely tired. So apparently was the boss. For when he saw us and the police he was extremely snappy in his manner. He told the police that he knew practically nothing about "Cappie" and the two others and I saw a look of relief and understanding on the face of the man who had been brought along with us.

The police made up their mind there was nothing to be got from the boss and so they drove us back to the Book-Cadillac Hotel, where I had breakfast. Later in the day I heard that the police had released the man they had rounded up from my telephone description and who had accompanied us in the police car as they had "nothing on him."

Two days later I was to meet that fellow again. It was in another speakeasy. I had just picked up my glass of beer when a voice at my shoulder said: "Say, I want a word with you." I turned to face the tough gentleman. He jerked his head towards a corner of the room and I went across there with him.

"See here," he said, looking hard into my eyes, "you butted in the other night on something that just doesn't concern you nohow. You're a limey (Englishman). Mebbe you don't get things right. But see this." Before I could see where it came from, a heavy automatic pistol was shoved into my ribs. "Have a look at this. It's what I use on guys that I just don't seem to hit it off with right, see?"

I saw all right. I saw still better when I got an angry note from the speakeasy boss telling me where "I got off" for taking the police to his place. My gracious hostess had observed to me when I arrived in Detroit how wonderful the air was. I began to see that evening, however, that it did not suit my constitution at all. And that night, an express train saw me aboard it bound for New York.

And then, one day near Christmas, at the aerodrome at Edmonton, when I stepped down from a plane a reporter rushed up to me and asked me for "a story about my affair with Marjorie Angermeier." I turned to the reporter in surprise, and at my puzzled look, he handed me a newspaper and this is what it said in a Chicago news despatch:

"The name of Lord Edward Montagu, second son of England's Duke of Manchester, was on the lips of Marjorie Angermeier when she died a suicide, coroner's investigators were told today.

"Officials were informed the girl, society heiress of 38 E. 85th St., New York City, swallowed poison Monday night after Lord Montagu had jilted her for a Canadian girl. She died following a series of parties in which she had tried to forget her grief.

"They said Miss Angermeier herself revealed the motive for her suicide when she asked doctors at her bedside in the Hotel Stevens to plead with her relatives to forgive her.

"Police said Miss Angermeier had brooded since the Duke's son bluntly invited her to meet his bride and then complained to police when she tried to get him to return her letters and gifts by promising to give him back letters he had written her.

"She met him first, detectives were told, at a party given by a Detroit society woman, and it was after this party that their betrothal was announced, friends said.

"The nobleman left on a short cruise, police were told. When he returned to New York, he telephoned Miss Angermeier at the home of her sisters, Edna and Lillian, and told her he was married. She collapsed.

"Then she came here to forget her grief in a gay round of cocktail parties, according to two friends, William C. Wood, Chicago financier, and Thomas McIntosh, of Chicago and Boston. They left her at the Hotel Stevens Monday evening with instructions to the night manager and the hotel detective that she was despondent and should be watched."

It was an extremely distressing episode and I make no further comment than to present the newspaper report.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

What a Tornado Can Do in Three Minutes

Remarkable Photographs of the Whirling Funnel-Shaped Clouds as They Strike With Terrific Force and the Freakish Damages That Result

How the Tornado Which Swept Down on Hardtner, Kansas, Looked From a Great Distance.

Extraordinary Photograph of a Tornado at Jasper, Minnesota, Which Illustrates the Difference in Color of Cloud Formations Due to the Different Eddies of Dust Particles.

Awe Inspiring Funnel Which Appeared as a Part of a Kansas Tornado and Was Described by Spectators as Resembling "the Trunk of a Giant Elephant on a Rampage."

THE tornado season is now approaching. Recently the city of Gainesville, a mill town in Georgia, had its entire business district destroyed and hundreds of people killed or injured in three minutes of terrific tornado wind. And now, for the first time, some interesting statistics have been given out about tornadoes which show that in the last twenty years in the United States there have been 2 669 tornadoes, killing 5,248 people and destroying about $250,000,000 worth of property.

The Tri-States Tornado of 1925 had the greatest number of fatalities when 742 persons were killed. The death toll was largest in Murphysboro, Illinois, and its immediate vicinity, where 606 persons were killed. Most of the tornadoes happened in the States of Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Indiana, Alabama, Mississippi and Tennessee. But even in this special tornado belt, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, which has tabulated the statistics [illegible] 240 000 years before a tornado killed him.

Dreaded as the most destructive of the various types of wind storms, a tornado which strikes a town or city may scatter substantially built houses like chaff and create tremendous [illegible] as little [illegible] as three minutes or less. At the same time that it is engaged in this major destruction it may play [illegible] and fantastic tricks which puzzle science and amaze the eyewitnesses who were fortunate enough to survive the experience.

The tornado which recently struck Gainesville, [illegible] taking its [illegible] on the devastated area measuring [illegible] one-half mile wide and two and a half miles long. It wrecked 630 buildings in its path, including the solidly constructed City Hall and Court House.

Making 2 000 people homeless, it caused damage amounting to more than $5,000,000. The city's water mains were burst and numerous fires started. As the ambulances and fire engines were trapped in fallen debris, and food and clothing supplies were destroyed even the rescue of surviving victims was forestalled by the ruthlessness of the tornado which had taken less than three minutes to do this huge damage.

Fortunately the fury of a tornado is concentrated in a narrow path unlike the popularly misnamed group of storms called "cyclones." A cyclone is a system of winds circulating around a center where the barometric pressure is comparatively low. A cyclone does not necessarily have storm force, though it frequently has in the tropics. A West Indian hurricane is a true cyclone.

Cyclones occur every two or three days, but they are never visible, which is contrary to the popular conception, according to Mr. S. D. Flora, a United States Government meteorologist, who for the past thirty-four years has patiently observed and collected data on cyclones and tornadoes.

Cyclones cover from five hundred to fifteen hundred miles with the speed of the wind, perhaps reaching a velocity of five hundred miles an hour, although no instruments have ever measured such a terrific gale.

On the other hand, a tornado is a local disturbance, a whirling column of air, shaped like a funnel. This formation is caused by unstable conditions in the atmosphere which force a current of air to ascend with a rapid spiral motion around a low-pressure core.

Generally as the moisture of the tornado condenses, a terrific whirlwind is created in the tornado cloud, much as a wash bowl churns water around at high speed. The rotary motion inside this churning mass varies from two hundred to five hundred miles an hour. The speed of movement across country of a tornado is only forty to fifty miles an hour, which explains why motorists seeing the approach of a twister have been able to successfully race and evade the storm with their cars.

While a distance of ten to fifteen miles over an area ranging from a city block to one-half mile in diameter in which the destruction may be complete will usually spend the force of a tornado, according to Mr. Flora's records there are occasional exceptions.

The outstanding example of this was the most destructive tornado ever known in this country. Known as the Tri-States Tornado, it began on March 18th, 1925, and those who observed it agree that it apparently had no characteristic funnel-shaped cloud.

It first struck in Eastern Missouri, crossed Illinois and ended in Indiana, taking a death toll of 742 and injuring 2,756. It took a distance of three hundred miles to exhaust this deadly twister, which was responsible for ninety per cent of the entire nation's tornado toll of that year. Murphysboro Illinois, received the greatest amount of damage from this storm, which killed 606 people, as already stated, and destroyed more than $16,500,000 in property in and near that city.

While science has been able to determine some of a tornado's characteristics and has compiled data regarding its probable speed, direction of approach and area of destruction, it has not been able to account for some of the amazing individual feats which a twister may perform during the three minutes or less in which it is passing through a locality.

Some of the incidents which have occurred when a tornado was at its height would appear to be the work of a gigantic practical joker possessed of incalculable physical power. Others seem to have defied some of the laws of nature and of science.

A twister has been known to pull a house to pieces and yet to leave one room untouched. It has melted watches, pen knives and bunches of keys in people's pockets. It has hung up automobiles in tall trees. And in its hasty work of destruction it has paused to pull nails out of clapboards and shingles.

A tornado has been known to drive a scantling six inches square lengthwise through a hog. A farmer's wife had two buckets of milk hanging twenty-five feet deep in a well when a funnel cloud pulled them both up and departed with them. On a farm in Illinois, nine small pigs were sucked through a window of a barn and went squealing through the air like a flock of birds.

A twister carried off a parlor stove and left intact a vase of flowers on a mantel shelf above. In another instance a bed was divested of bedding while the bedstead was left undisturbed. In Nebraska the second story of a house was removed with so little shock that the clock on the first floor went right ahead ticking.

A tornado will sometimes strip people naked without hurting them. It will pluck a flock of chickens clean of their feathers and yet not injure them. It may carry a cow a mile or pick a baby from its cradle and deposit it far away unharmed. It may tear a woman's hair from her head and twist it into ropes.

It has been known to rip all of the trimmings off a dress as neatly as if the job were done by hand, to remove all the outside brick from a house and leave the inner layer untouched and to take up a securely tacked carpet and drop it in the street, untorn.

One of the tornadoes that worked simultaneous havoc in the South in May, 1934, grabbed a man at Opelika, Alabama, together with the bed in which he lay, and put him down gently in the road outside, still tucked beneath the [illegible].

Survivors of tornado experiences such as these have stories to tell which would sound unbelievable were there not records available to prove what queer pranks a tornado may play.

Recently, near the town of Cherokee, Alabama, the Rev. Ewell Payne found a photograph with a woman's name on the back. Upon investigation he discovered that the photograph had been blown there from the town of Tupelo, Mississippi nearly seventy miles away, where it had been locked up in a trunk when a tornado descended upon the town.

When the Rev. Payne returned it to its owner, Mrs. Claude Mae David [illegible] was in a hospital [illegible] of tornado injuries, she told him that she had been at home with her family when the tornado did strike. The house had been blown to pieces, her five-year-old daughter had been killed and both she and her husband had been badly injured. The trunk in the hall had been blown open and the picture picked up by the twister.

Despite the custom of meteorologists to forecast rain, snow, wind and fair weather, they are never able to forecast a tornado.

Scientists, investigators and the inhabitants of the so-called twister belt agree that the best thing to do when a tornado approaches is to get underground as quickly as possible and to stay there until the storm has departed. The cyclone cellar as a place of refuge during twisters and other wind storms is a long established institution in some parts of the country, although comparatively rare in the Eastern part of the United States.

Nevertheless, the East does have its share of tornadoes. Philadelphia has had two. The first was on August 3, 1883, the second on March 27, 1911 in which $150,000 in property was destroyed.

Freakish Behavior of a Tornado Which Tore a House From Its Foundations and Tipped It on Its Side Without Damaging the Roof or Other Parts of the Building.

A Fruit Orchard on the Harlow Farm at Pratt, Kansas, Swept Clean of Fruit, Leaves and All the Heaviest Branches, Like the Giant Scarred Sentinels on the Western Front Battlefields During the Great War.

A House Near Andale, Kansas, Which Was Not Damaged by the Tornado, But the Steel Frame of a Windmill Nearby Was Picked Up, Twisted and Draped Over It.

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The Closed Circle by H. Ross Callaway

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

DURING his student days in Paris, Granville Carter joins the Club of Nine, a secret organization engaging in extra-legal activities. He enjoys the excitement of outwitting the police and preying upon less adroit criminals and is lured on by his desire to learn the identity of L'Inconnue, the strange and clever woman who leads the Club's operations and whose face none of the band of gallant outlaws has ever seen.

Upon his return to France as attaché of the American Embassy, he is summoned to appear at the Club headquarters and receives a membership under the alias of Armand.

Three murders occur during Carter's first assignment, a meeting unique in the Club's history. Later a old friend, Inspector Lemaire, is assigned to the case. The detective discovers the Club of Nine, which he knows only as the closed circle, but is unable to learn who were members of it, being thus their plans to crack down on criminals.

CHAPTER XXVI.

L'Inconnue's Story

"VERY well," said Adrienne, "I was born in the Chateau de Brisac, not far from Tours, as you guessed. My father was Jehan de Brisac, General of Brigade he was promoted from a colonelcy at the second Marne. My mother was Adrienne Moreau. She died at my birth and father, after I became old enough, tried to be both father and mother to me. He was wounded and retired from service at the end of the war, and after that we were together constantly until his death in 1925.

"What a companion he was! I think he regretted a little that I was not a boy. I was the only child and I realized this regret even as a little girl and tried to be a son to him, too. We rode and hunted and played chess and worked out military tactics together. Odd occupations for a girl, were they not?" and she smiled at Carter. The American pressed her hand and she resumed.

Father was particularly fond of a war game that he had invented which involved maneuvers of all kinds, tactics, movements of troops and all sorts of things that lasted hours—and often I beat him. And then he used to laugh and swear that I would have made a better general than Foch!"

What a perfect training for the future commander of the Club of Nine!" exclaimed Carter.

"Yes, wasn't it? I played chess rather well, too. I suppose I must have a masculine mind!"

"If you have, cherie, it is the only thing masculine about you," said Carter.

"Oh, I am a martinet—you will find out," she smiled.

"I have been obeying your orders as L'Inconnue for a long time, Adrienne. I am not afraid."

"But you must be quiet, or I shall tell you nothing. I wish you could know Brisac—a sleepy little village beside the Loire very old and very beautiful. The Chateau was half a mile back from the river, overlooking woods and valley. The woods were wonderful." She sighed a little.

"I will know it some day, darling. We'll go back there together," he said tenderly.

"But it is not mine any more. It would not be the same."

"It may not belong to Adrienne de Brisac any longer, but I promise you it will be the property of Mrs. Granville Carter one of these days—if money can buy it," he said quietly.

"Armand, how good you are to me!" she said softly.

"Go on, dear," said Carter.

"When father died it was a terrible blow to me. It seemed as if the world had stopped turning. I had no near relatives except my Uncle Charles, my mother's brother. I was fond of him and in father's will he was made my guardian and he came to live with me at the Chateau. Uncle Charles was an amiable man, amiable, and weak.

"He let me do as I pleased and after I had recovered from the shock of father's death things went on much as before except that I had lost the dearest of companionships. Uncle hated exercise, so on my rides I took with me one of the grooms, Le Marteau."

"Ah, so that was where he came from," exclaimed Carter.

"Yes, he was born in one of the cottages on the place. His father was head gardener—one of the family, you see. Ever since I was a child he was devoted to me, devoted to a remarkable degree. There was nothing too hard for him to do to please me, but always quite respectfully, never a hint of anything else. And once he saved my life. Now I realize that it was really an obsession with him, which later on developed into that terrible mania that would have destroyed us all if it had not been for you, my dear."

"More Gandron than I, Adrienne," replied Carter thoughtfully.

"I do not forget Gandron, Armand—I never shall. He gave his life for us." There was a little silence. Both were thinking of that terrible scene in the cellar of the Rue des Deux Chiens.

Presently Mademoiselle de Brisac continued.

"For a year or two things went on quietly and then a change came over my uncle. He became nervous and irritable. He made many trips to Tours and Paris. He said it was business. It was of a kind—speculation.

'One day he brought back with him as a guest a man named Ispan Harroush. He presented him to me as a great friend, with whom he did much business, and Harroush at that time was almost slender and rather good looking in an Oriental way. His manners were impeccable. He had only started on the road to riches then.

"He came again—and again. Each time I liked him less, but uncle seemed to set great store by him and I tried to be nice to him for Uncle Charles' sake.

Finally—one night he asked me to marry him. For a moment I was too astounded to speak. He was twice my age—and there were other things. Then I laughed. He persisted, his tone getting more unpleasant, his manner more offensive, until I lost my temper and spoke my mind.

"He grasped my arm and said sneeringly: 'I see! I suppose I am not good enough for the young heiress. Heiress! You're a pauper if you don't marry me. Ask your uncle.'

"I struck him in the face and ran to find Uncle Charles. One glance at his face, after I had told him what Harroush had said, was enough. It was true. My uncle had speculated with his own money and mine as well. It was all gone—into the pockets of Harroush and his friends. Poor uncle was no business man and it had been easy for a thief like Harroush to strip him to the skin.

"Harroush left that day," went on Adrienne after a pause, "and the day after poor Uncle Charles went out to his favorite seat a stone bench beside an old well and shot himself."

"You poor kid," cried Carter, putting an arm about her.

She nestled close for a moment, then raised her head and said softly:

"Not poor any longer, Armand—I have you."

"And always will have, Adrienne," he said.

After a moment she went on: "The next few weeks went by somehow. Harroush came again. He was quite correct. There were papers to be signed — many papers. I signed without thinking, without caring very much. I was numb. I had had the word of my father's lawyers in Tours that there was nothing at all left of father's fortune.

"The place was to be sold, and I had no idea where I should go. Then Harroush came again—for the last time. He asked me again to marry him. I refused of course.

Suddenly his manner changed as it had that other time.

He said, 'No, Mademoiselle, this time you will not refuse. You will accept very humbly, and be thankful that Ispan Harroush honors you by asking—when he could have you without troubling to marry you.' He paused to enjoy his impending triumph and I shall never forget the look of bestial cruelty on his face. 'For if you do not, Mademoiselle de Brisac, you will be arrested for the murder of your uncle. You will recall that the weapon was not found.'

"This was true—it was supposed it had fallen down the well beside which uncle had been sitting.

"'Not only that,' he said, 'but I have your signed confession,' and he showed me that paper you burned a little while ago."

"A forgery!" cried Carter.

"No—it was my own signature. He told me how he had obtained it — by thrusting that paper among a pile that I was signing scarcely knowing what I was doing. As he had calculated, I signed it without reading it."

"The unspeakable blackguard!" cried Carter.

"I suppose that is what I must have called him—I do not remember. But I swore to him that he would pay for what he had done to me and mine—that I would unearth the evidence I was sure existed to prove that poor uncle had been merely his dupe and that he had robbed me and therefore really killed Uncle Charles. And at the end I told him that I would be a beggar before I would marry him. Oh, I must have been magnificent—but I was very young."

"Very well, Mademoiselle, I shall lodge this paper with the authorities at Tours. We will see who will be believed—you or I,' he said, and turned away.

"When he had left I grew suddenly weak—and afraid. I knew no law. I had no one to turn to. I rushed into the house, packed a bag, took what money I had and called for Le Marteau to drive me to the train. I must have looked distraught for he begged to know what was wrong. I told him I was in great trouble and must get away at once.

That was enough for Le Marteau. 'Mademoiselle,' he said, 'if there is danger, you will be traced by the train. I will drive you to Paris.'

"It was such a relief to have some one to depend on that I let him do as he wished—and so I came to Paris—with Le Marteau on the driver's seat. That was nearly five years ago. I was 18 years old."

"And I know women," exclaimed Carter, "who think they are terribly abused if they can't have a bigger yacht!"

"It's a queer world we live in, my darling," said Adrienne smiling a little, "and everything is relative, you know."

"What could you do in Paris—a young girl like you with little money and no friends?" asked the American.

"I did nearly everything," said Mademoiselle de Brisac quietly. "I changed my name, for I was afraid that Harroush would find me. He tried—I learned that when Le Marteau went back to Brisac later and made cautious inquiries. I worked in stores—in offices—in factories. I have scrubbed floors, Armand. I learned that a working girl does not dare to look attractive if she wishes to own herself. I learned to hate men—Harroush most of all—but all the others to a lesser degree.

"You see, I had known very few men except my father. It was planned that he should bring me to Paris when I was 18, but of course he had died before I reached that age. And always I nursed my desire to avenge myself on Harroush—somehow.

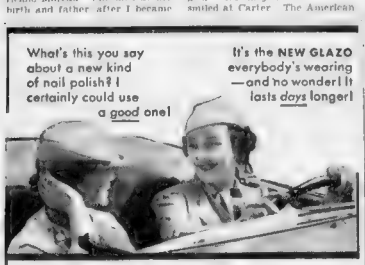
"After two years of bitterness I had a marvelous stroke of luck. I became the servant, counsellor and friend of a wonderful little old lady—a Madame Brielle—one of the loveliest souls I have ever known. She, too, was alone in the world and for more than a year I was almost happy. I waited on her hand and foot—because I loved her. She was the first person who had really been kind to me since father died.

"And then one morning when I went to take her breakfast to her room, I could not rouse her. She had died peacefully in her sleep. I was heart-broken. Afterwards, her lawyer came and read me her will. She had left me her

(Continued on Page 15)

The Door Was Pushed Open Again. On the Threshold Stood Pierre Garcion!

"So this is where you have hidden yourselves," He Said.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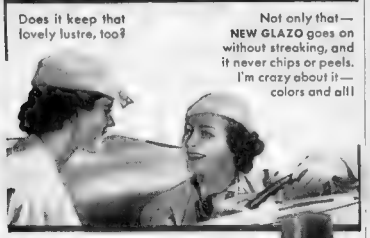
It's the NEW GLAZO everybody's wearing—and no wonder! It lasts days longer!


Does it keep that lovely lustre, too?
Not only that—NEW GLAZO goes on without streaking, and it never chips or peels. I'm crazy about it—colors and all!

YOU'VE never seen a nail polish to compare with this *new*, perfected Glazo. It gives you several *extra* days of wear... a richer sparkle in fashion-approved shades that will not crack, chip or peel. *New* Glazo applies more easily, never streaks. And, given ordinary care, *it will not thicken in the bottle.* It stays perfect—to the last brushful.

It's new it's perfect **GLAZO**

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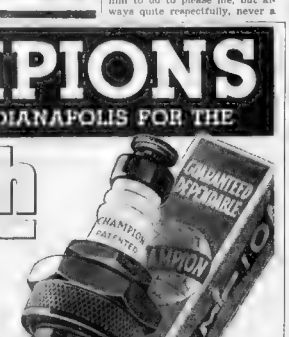

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BEGINNING NEXT SUNDAY

Box Car

By Madeleine Sharps Buchanan

A Small Town Cinderella Takes to the Open Road with Some Surprising Results

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The Closed Circle by H. Ross Callaway

(Continued from Page 14)

little fortune and the tiny house she lived in—where I have lived ever since."

"How romantic!" cried Carter "Why, you have lived a dozen lives—and you're only a child!"

"No, dear, you say that because you are so much bigger than I. I am an old, old woman!" and she smiled

"Nonsense! You're young and so beautiful you take my breath away—and furthermore you're going to have all the joy you've missed all these years."

"Do you know, Armand, I can't believe it possible. For a long time last night I lay on your bed and tried to realize that I was going to be happy at last, and finally, to convince myself, I opened the door very quietly and saw that you were really here, sleeping on the couch so peacefully. I came and kissed you."

"Did you do that?" Carter's voice had a queer note in it.

"Yes, then I believed. But, Armand, you must never leave me. I could stand anything but that. You see I have never known love before. All that has happened to me is nothing, compared to that."

"Tell me, dear," said Carter, his voice not quite steady. "Was that why you insisted that I rejoin the Club? Did you care for me a little then?"

"Perhaps a little," she glanced at him mischievously, "but more because you were useful to me in my nefarious schemes."

"I think you're an unblushing little liar," the American announced solemnly.

"If men didn't ask so many questions, women would not tell them so many fibs," she replied demurely. "Did you ever think of that?"

"I can't think of anything but you," he smiled. "By the way, you haven't told me how you came to organize the Club of Nine, you know."

"Aren't you tired of this long, long story?" she asked.

"Far from it—it's fascinating," Carter replied eagerly.

"Very well then. After I had inherited Madame Brielle's little fortune—and for the first time in years had leisure again — I thought I should never want to do anything but rest as long as I lived. And in a week I was bored. You see I had no social life—I knew no one. And I had become bitter. It seemed to me that a legal system that allowed such men as Harrouah to prey on weaker or more honest men was a travesty. And gradually the idea of robbing the robbers came to me.

"I enlisted Le Marteau, who had stayed on in Paris, and tried to help me when he could, although he was as poor as a church mouse himself. Through him I gradually built up—slowly and cautiously—the Club that you know, and that Garcion sought so long. It gave me a new interest in life. Working out each scheme to the smallest detail and then watching it operate as I had planned, was stimulating. It was the old game I had played with my father over again

"Le Marteau, Gandron and Chiquita were the executors of the plans. The others, all carefully picked for their acquaintance in different milieux, were my principal sources of information. Later of course you became the chief doer of dark deeds."

"What was done with the loot?" asked Carter interestedly

"Half was divided equally among the other seven. Half came to me—and all of that half went in turn to various charities I loved to think of Harrouah contributing to the welfare of the down-trodden! You, of course got nothing!" And she smiled a trifle mockingly at Carter

"Oh, yes I did," he retorted "I got the biggest prize of all I got L'Inconnue!

"You know I'd forgotten," he continued, "but Harrouah's last involuntary contribution is in my pocket right now. What shall I do with it, Madame"

"Mail it to the Society for Blinded Veterans," she said promptly. "That was next on my list." She paused a moment "Do you realize, cheri, that I have just given you the last command that L'Inconnus will ever give? L'Inconnue! She is dead, Armand."

A little later, Carter glanced at the clock—and sprang to his feet

"By jove," he exclaimed, "I didn't realize it was so late we've a million things to do. I must get to the Embassy and straighten things out. You've got to buy clothes—we can't risk trying to get into your house, you know. Then there's the bank, the steamship office. I'll get the car. After you've acquired some baggage, you can go to a hotel, of course. The boat train leaves at noon tomorrow."

"Are we really going, Armand?" she asked, a little tremulously

"Of course we are, my darling."

"Dearest, I'm afraid to leave you till tomorrow. Something may yet happen and if it does, I want to be with you." She hesitated. "Would it embarrass you very much if I didn't go to a hotel tonight—if I stayed here again?"

"You darling—I'm glad you said that. I wanted you to stay. I can't bear to have you out of my sight till I know you're out of danger. Furthermore, we'll do all the errands together. You can wait for me at the Embassy I won't be long."

CHAPTER XXVII.

A Liner Sails.

IT WAS after eleven the following morning. The trunks were gone. Carter paced up and down his living room, reviewing his hectic activities of the day before, wondering if he had overlooked anything. He smoked nervously. As the moment for their departure neared he was becoming ever more anxious

Everything had gone so smoothly up to now that he hardly dared hope their luck would hold. Suppose Garcion should have set that logical mind of his to work and come to the conclusion that his original suspicions of Carter had been well founded

and that Mademoiselle de Brisac would prove worthy of investigation!

It seemed to the American that he had covered their tracks well. The boat tickets were not in his name. At the Embassy he had wound up his most pressing work without hinting at his future plans. He would radio his resignation from the ship. Yet the Inspector's resourcefulness was a byword—and his devotion to duty almost fanatical

Mademoiselle de Brisac sat watching him, a little smile playing about her mobile mouth. She had shopped to advantage and her traveling costume was the last word in chic. Piled by the door were four bags

A motor horn sounded from the street. Carter darted to the window. At last! The taxi he had telephoned for was at the curb

"Come, dear," he cried

She rose calmly

"Don't worry, cheri," she said "I cannot believe that the good Lord has let us escape so many dangers only to have us trapped now!"

"I pray you are right, Adrienne, but I won't breathe freely till the liner casts off," he said fervently.

Picking up the bags, he followed her out to the sidewalk. A quick glance up and down the quiet street disclosed nothing suspicious

"Gare St Lazare," he said as he slammed the door.

The taxi lurched ahead and Carter looked back through the rear window. They had made perhaps a dozen yards when a second taxicab swung round the corner behind them and drew up in front of Carter's apartment. A man got out and went to the door. It was Garcion!

"We're in a hurry, driver," cried Carter, "don't lose any time—ten francs for you"

"What is it, dear?" asked Adrienne, sensing his uneasiness He was looking back once more Garcion was crossing the sidewalk to re-enter his cab

"That is your friend Garcion is it not, Armand?" she asked quietly.

"Yes, Adrienne—it is Garcion" He took her hand

"Maybe it was only chance," he said as assuringly as he could "We must believe so."

Their taxi turned a corner. and presently they were in the heavy traffic of the Boulevard Michelin Carter could no longer see Garcion's car. He gave a sigh of relief

"We'll lose him in this tangle I feel sure," said the American, his spirits rising as the driver wove his way skilfully towards the river

They reached the station with ten minutes to spare. The American took Adrienne's arm and guided her quickly to the waiting train, looking neither right nor left. In the compartment that he had managed to reserve in its entirety, he pulled down the curtains on the side towards the corridor. They sat in opposite corners, as far as possible removed from the windows giving on the platform.

To Carter the next few minutes seemed a week. Every time footsteps in the corridor approached the door of their compartment, his muscles tensed Would the train never start?

At long last the conductor's ridiculous whistle shrilled, there was a rising chorus of good-bys from the platform and the boat-special pulled slowly out.

The American drew a long breath—Paris was behind them!

Adrienne reached forward and patted his hand

"Now will you believe?" she queried

"What a little soldier you are, darling," cried the American "Here I've been in a blue funk all day and you are just as serene as a June morning."

"Yes, Armand, but no later than yesterday it was you who had all the courage. It is a good augury for the future—one of us will always bear the other up."

The train was gathering speed now. They sat side by side and watched the suburbs fly past, then the early Summer fields beautifully smooth and green The conductor came and took up their tickets.

Carter Could Not Speak. He Could Only Hold Adrienne Close Against Him. "Hold me tight, Armand." She Whispered, "and never let me go!"

Presently the door was pushed open again. On the threshold stood Pierre Garcion!

"So this is where you have hidden yourselves," he said, smiling quizzically at their startled faces. "Do you think it's quite nice to go off to America without letting an old friend have a chance to wish you good luck, Gran?"

"Why—it's—you see—" Carter's wits were working rather poorly Then he had an inspiration. "I'm going to Le Havre" That was true enough. "And luckily I could make the trip with eh— Mademoiselle—who is sailing today."

I see! May I sit down?"

'Of course old man. And what is your errand, by the way?"

Just a little routine business," said the Inspector. "Making sure that a person the Surete is interested in, really leaves France"

'Your work must be thrilling,' said Adrienne

He laughed easily

Sometimes," he said

As in the present case?" she inquired negligently

Yes, particularly so this time replied the detective

They chatted amiably as the train sped through Normandie but to Carter the trip was a long one He was uneasy. Was Garcion suspicious but not quite sure yet? And how was the American to board the boat without converting the Inspector's probable suspicions into a certainty?

The train was slowing down now. A moment later it ran out onto the pier beside which loomed the great bulk of the liner

'I'll just see Mademoiselle safely installed on board," he said 'Will you wait for me, Pierre?"

I'll do better than that, Gran," said the detective smiling. "I'll go aboard too."

Carter could not demur, so together the trio mounted the gangplank. A few minutes later the warning gong sounded

Time to go ashore" said Garcion "A pleasant voyage Mademoiselle and here—" he offered her a package that he had been carrying— "is something that I trust will please you. Will you do me the favor of opening it as soon as I have gone and then come out to the rail? I shall be on the pier" He bent over her hand

Coming, Gran'" he said as he turned away

"You go ahead Pierre," said Carter desperately

Of course, I'll wait for you On second thought we'd better shake hands. You might be too late getting off—and be carried to America by mistake."

Carter, puzzled, shook the outstretched hand of his friend

Good-by," said Garcion and was gone

Carter stared after him, then turned to Adrienne

What do you make of it?" he cried

'I will open the package as he asked. Perhaps the answer is there" she said

When the wrappings had been removed, a leather case came into view. Adorning the center was a tiny nine of clubs picked out in jewels!

The Nine of Clubs the Club of Nine'" cried Carter amazed

Mademoiselle de Brisac opened the case. A magnificent toilet set lay within and on top an envelope

She tore it open and Carter, looking over her shoulder, read it with her

'Dear Madame L'Inconnue," it began

Carter exclaimed aloud.

"You were right, my dear," said Adrienne. "Your friend is a clever man."

The note continued.

May a humble policeman offer this little tribute to the lady who will always be to him the outstanding member of her sex? My very sincere homage to one whose qualities of heart and mind arouse my deepest respect and whose ability to baffle the whole police force of Paris for years commands my professional admiration

'And lastly, dear Mademoiselle de Brisac, that the merging of the identity of L'Inconnus in that of Madame Granville Carter will bring you both every happiness is the profound hope of—

"Pierre Garcion."

Adrienne's eyes were wet as she finished reading

What a friend!" she said softly

'Good old Pierre," said Carter 'He knew—and let us go! Come, dear," and they hurried out on deck and to the rail

They saw Garcion at once There are comparatively few well-wishers who travel down to Le Havre for the sailings

The ship was edging slowly sidewise out from the pier. It was but a few feet distant

"Did you read the note, Mademoiselle?" called Garcion

'Yes, Monsieur, and I have no words to express my thanks," she replied

Garcion bowed

"As for you, Gran," he said, "you didn't seem to enjoy the

(Continued on Page 16)

The Truth About Soap Shampoos

1. This photograph shows bacteria and dandruff scattered, but not removed by ordinary soap shampoo.

Soap Shampoo

2. All bacteria, dandruff and other foreign matter completely removed by the Fitch shampoo.

Fitch Shampoo

THERE is a simple, easy way to rid yourself of dandruff with the very first application. All that is necessary is to use a shampoo that completely *dissolves dandruff* and then washes it away.

Repeated laboratory, as well as practical, tests show that *ordinary* shampoos will not dissolve dandruff. Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo dissolves every speck of dandruff instantly—under a money-back guarantee —and then washes it away. It rinses clean in hard or soft water. Equally as good for blondes as brunettes. *Try it today!* On sale at all druggists, barber shops, beauty shops and toilet goods counters.

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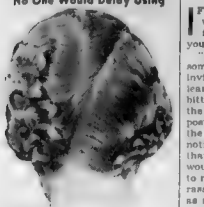

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EACH issue of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY accurately portrays this world of ours—as it is, as it was and as we would have it be.

Will You Be a Success in Your Business?

IF you would like to know whether you will be a success in your business, what would you do in the following case?

"You are giving a dinner for some of your friends. After the invitations have been issued, you learn that two of your guests are bitter enemies. Would you allow the dinner to go on? Would you postpone the dinner and change the invitations? Would you notify each of the two enemies that the other is coming? Or would you ask the other guests to make the situation less embarrassing by keeping the enemies as much apart as possible?"

If you notified each of the two enemies that the other was coming you would probably show better judgment than those people who chose one of the other ways. If your judgment is good in social situations you will probably be successful in the field in which you work, according to Mr Johnson O'Connor of the Human Engineering Laboratory of the Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, New Jersey.

Of course, there are no rules to enable anyone to say that one man will be a success or that another will not, but in a series of tests made on hundreds of people in the various businesses and professions, Mr O'Connor found that there are certain scientific signposts in every man's character and personality that indicate whether or not he is likely to be successful or whether he is a type more suited for some other work than that which he has chosen.

Here is another test to judge a person's tact and skill and shrewdness in meeting social situations:

"Suppose you are a junior clerk in a large office. Your employer enters the room while you are reading the newspaper when you should be working. Would you continue reading the newspaper and show no embarrassment, or would you fold it up and return to your duties? Perhaps you would try to interest the boss by reading aloud an important headline?"

It would show better judgment, the laboratory found, if you were to fold it up and return to your duties. Yet many of the people who were tested said they would continue to read the newspaper and show no embarrassment.

"Suppose an acquaintance has just lost a son. On meeting him on the street would you speak of his son? Cheer him up with a lively story? Tell him how you managed to bear up under similar circumstances, or, talk about current events of general interest?"

Most of the people who took the test said they would talk about things of general interest at the best way to meet the situation.

A person's "behavior"—or the way he handles situations like those just mentioned—will probably show what kind of a personality he has.

For instance, a person who tries to cheer up an acquaintance who has just lost a son would be an "objective" personality. In other words he probably wouldn't be a very good lawyer, but he might be a good salesman.

In the same way, if you invited two enemies to dinner and trusted to luck that the dinner would run smoothly, you wouldn't be very skilful in handling a difficult situation. You wouldn't make a good lawyer who had to use his wits to get his client out of a bad spot.

Of course, even if you did answer these questions according to the way the laboratory thinks correct it wouldn't show whether you were absolutely fitted for one thing or another. But it does indicate that those people who are already in the professions think that way and that you might fit more easily into such a group if you had the same outlook they had.

Nearly everyone knows that the kind of man referred to as a "typical salesman" is not the same sort of person as a man who is a "typical artist." Mr O'Connor found that there are no "typical salesmen" any more than there are "typical artists," but he has learned that there are definite characteristics in the personality of a successful artist that are rarely found in a successful salesman.

A salesman, he says, is extremely objective. An objective man is one who likes to deal with the public, and is at home working with groups, and solving group problems. An artist, on the other hand, represents an extreme opposite. He is shy, retiring and happiest when he is alone with his work. Mr O'Connor puts the artist, writer, musician and similar type of worker into the "extremely subjective" class.

In between these extremes fall two other general groups. The average professional man, doctor, lawyer, surgeon, engineer, and others in kindred lines fall into what Mr. O'Connor calls the "average subjective" class. Presidents of businesses, vice-presidents, superintendents, and other members of a class often called business executives, fall into the "average objective" group.

If you have a large vocabulary you might fit easily into the group of average successful lawyers. Mr O'Connor has learned that there are five characteristics of this group, one of which is a large vocabulary. For those who seek law as a profession, a subjective personality is usually a requirement. Then, too, one must be capable of sensing the relationship between what often seem to be unrelated facts. In a good many branches of law the successful lawyer has some aptitude for accountancy. Also, he must have imagination.

If you have a gift for remembering the tunes of songs you have heard you may make a good business executive. This does not indicate a musical aptitude but rather a good memory which everyone in business should have. Most executives are objective and have an engineering aptitude in their ability to visualize three-dimensional structures. Many of them have a manual skill that enables them to handle a pair of common tweezers. They have creative imagination inductive reasoning or the ability to sense relationships, and a visual memory, with a knack of observing and remembering what they see. Like lawyers, the most successful executives have the largest vocabularies.

Mr O'Connor found that characteristics common to physicians and surgeons included subjective personality, a large English vocabulary, a gift for visualizing three dimensional structures, tweezer dexterity and inductive reasoning. He points out that many good physicians do not have well established tweezer dexterity, but that almost all good surgeons do. The possession of inductive reasoning is practically always found among good diagnosticians.

But suppose a person is subjective and wants to become a salesman, for instance? Should he try to change his personality?

Since personality is really an attitude towards life and a part of one's nature, it is best not to try to change so fundamental a thing, the laboratory advises. Too often the subjective person, who tries to be objective, overdoes it. He becomes too obviously the back-slapping, glad-hand type.

On the other hand there is room in nearly every profession for people of the other type. The boy or girl who has a keen desire to enter medicine should not give it up merely because he is subjective. Such positions as those of hospital superintendents, institutional heads, public health officials, and medical school officials are filled successfully by objective persons.

One of the things in addition to a good vocabulary, that nearly every successful man, regardless of his work needs is a creative imagination. When the doctor examines a patient, he studies the pulse, the temperature and other symptoms. But whether his diagnosis is correct or not depends on how well he can piece together the various bits of information. In the same way the writer picks up an incident here and a bit of gossip there and weaves them together into a story. Few writers ever get a complete story from life; much of the story is created by their own minds. The teacher requires great imagination too. The laboratory found that it is almost impossible to teach such single disconnected, isolated facts as historical dates. The things which children remember are those which can be tied up with something already known.

For those who are doubtful whether they have the gift of creative imagination, the laboratory prescribed this test: Write for ten minutes as rapidly as possible on a given subject. The length of the composition counts, not the mistakes in grammar or spelling or the number of different words used. In this way a person with a low vocabulary might show a high creative imagination. This type should try creative writing, partly to give expression to imagination and partly because writing increases vocabulary.

But how is it possible to tell whether a person is objective, or subjective? Since personality is an attitude towards life the test is quite simple. It consists of saying to a man—for instance the word "tiger"—and asking him to respond with the first single word which comes to his mind connected with "tiger," suggested by it and associated with it in some way. The subjective type will make the response so that the word of association will be tied up with some personal incident in his own intimate life. The objective person will answer in an impersonal way. His reply will be connected with something which will have no relation to his own life. In the case of the word "tiger" a subjective man answered the test by saying "milk," a word, it was later found, which had a personal significance. The objective man answered with the word "animal," a commonplace usual response.

But what do tests like these prove? People answer questions differently and no one can say which is right or which is wrong. Those who answer the questions in a way similar to those answered by successful members of a professional group will fit more easily into that group than people who answer in an opposite way.

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ITCHING on Feet and Toes may be "Athlete's Foot"

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LAXATIVES MAKE CONDITIONS WORSE..continued use of pills, salts and castor oil dangerous, say Doctors

Laxatives and cathartics provide temporary relief only, at the expense of more serious harm to your health, says a noted intestinal specialist. He goes so far as to say, "Nothing is so bad as the chronic use of laxative drugs. Their continued use tends only to aggravate constipation and often leads to permanent injury."

Some laxatives, according to another authority, contain poisons which affect the stomach and intestines, resulting in grave disorders. Certain laxatives are a direct cause of piles.

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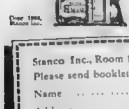
"Regular as Clockwork"



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The Ermine Coat *By Josephine Bentham*

(Continued from Page 12)

terrified cry and she heard Bill's voice, calm and commanding. But after that she began to play "The Stars and Stripes Forever" as if she were playing it for marching regiments, and with all her strength she willed the children to file out, heads high in their accustomed order.

The flimsy wood of the platform cracked. A sleek little serpent, the color of flame, ran to the spot where Margie had danced. Anita put her handkerchief into the water which some guileless infant had provided for the everlasting flowers; with her left hand she held the wet cloth to her nostrils and with her right hand she went on with "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

She heard Miss Gillespie calling from a far distance. There was no moisture left in the little handkerchief. The smoke flowed into her eyelids, her nostrils, her mouth. She tried to cry out, and like hot sand her throat closed over the cry. She fled stumbling, from a moving wall of smoke, and a blackened board cracked and collapsed under her feet. She knew—the knowledge was quite cold and clear in her mind—that she was suffocating. And suddenly she was falling, but she was falling into steady arms.

• • •

THE air—air as cool as spring water—came into the room. Anita literally drank this cool air, as greedily as any child with a cup at its lips. She saw that the wallpaper in the room had a design of roses endlessly climbing a golden trellis. The wallpaper was familiar. She knew that she was in Virginia Haskell's bedroom. The Haskells' house was nearest to the school. She turned suddenly and looked into old Dr. Brown's kindly blue eyes.

He smiled at her.

"You all right, Anita?"

It was a remarkable fact. There were tears in his eyes.

"The children——" she cried. "What happened? Were any of the children——"

There wasn't so much as a pigtail scorched!" he said quickly. "They're all home and safe, Anita, but the schoolhouse is burned to the ground. Now everybody's just waiting to know that you're all right, my dear. It was the most remarkable exhibition of——of——" He paused long enough to blow his nose with his vast handkerchief. "Never heard of anything like it in my life! Bill said they marched out to that music of yours like a lot of little soldiers—with you keeping up until—well, by golly!"

Bill——?" asked Anita faintly. "Is Bill——"

"Bill's fine but he's lost his eyebrows. He pulled you out, you know."

"Oh!" Anita gulped the water which he held to her lips. "Where's Bill now?"

The old doctor walked to the window, and regarded the pattern of a leafless tree against the Winter sky.

"Bill's with Cicely," he said, over his shoulder.

Anita looked at her right hand. It had been covered with some unguent, but it still had an angry, red look and its nails were broken and ugly.

"Of course," she said, in a small voice. "And is Cicely all right?"

The old doctor turned around. "He's with Cicely," he explained gruffly, "because he's putting Cicely on the train."

"The train?"

"Yes. This town's a little too hot for Miss Cicely Hayes. And she's smart enough to know it." The old doctor beamed. "I guess Bill's saying goodbye to her just about now."

"But——"

"You remember, my dear, that Cicely was sitting at the back of the room. It was easy enough for her to run out."

"Yes. Well, she was probably in a panic——"

"Yes," the old doctor conceded, "but not so much of a panic that she couldn't run back into the school. She was a heroine in her own way. She

Bathrooms Must Be Comfortable, Convenient and Commodious

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

THE hot Summer week-ends call not only for an unusual profusion of internal refreshment in the way of frosty foods and cooling beverages, but also external refreshment gained from taking one cold shower after another.

Indeed, the hostess entertaining many guests may find her lovely bathroom turned into a veritable Turkish bath of sloppy floors, soaking towels and non-existent soap.

Therefore, the bathroom and its accessories, which contribute so greatly to beauty in bathing and health in hygiene, need to be inspected by the housekeeper's experienced eye.

What of the shower? Does it require a new and better fabric curtain? Is there an up-to-date bathroom scale, so the members of the family may check their weights systematically? Is there an ample-size and well-ventilated clothes hamper? A more-than-generous supply of towels? Closet for the spare medical supplies and toiletries? A rack for drying light silks and over-night airing of Summer apparel?

A modern shower installation may run from as low as one dollar for a new portable fixture to the expensive boxed-in glass shower with its complicated instrument-board for needle-fine adjustments in bath temperatures.

Today many department stores, as well as the plumbing supply houses, are selling complete bath outfits at every price level. For example, a simple cast showerhead for nozzles, with overhead curtain ring and rubber hose connection, may be purchased complete for less than a five-dollar bill.

But the most satisfactory shower, without its curtain, is like the play "Hamlet" with Hamlet himself left out! For the curtain either makes or mars not only the utility of this type of overhead and vertical bath, but its decorative values determine the whole color plan of the bathroom.

Functionally, the shower-bath curtain must satisfy the exacting demands of soap, sunlight, water and, worst foe of all, mildew. This latter is, as every housewife knows, a plant or mold of a persistent type, whose roots grow right into a fabric affected by damp, and result in disfiguring veins and mottled patches. Hence choice of the material of which the shower-curtain is fabricated should be made on a basis of its resistance to damp.

Decoratively, the shower bath curtain is the bath what drapes and usual curtains are to the living or dining room—it sets the color-key of the entire scheme. And lovely to behold are the modern designs in this material—patterns so gay and so colorful and so interesting that one cannot help buying a new curtain!

Moreover, manufacturers have gone further and offer not only stunning curtains, but sets of window drapes to match with bath-mats and towels in harmonizing hues.

Thus the buyer can secure a complete ensemble of colorful bathroom materials and furnishings. This ensemble idea is being well worked out in the many specialized bath-shops being displayed in progressive stores the country over.

The bath-hamper should be large enough in size to take care of an overflow of soiled linens, and its chief point should be good ventilation. Many a time the soiled towels, etc., dumped carelessly into a poorly ventilated hamper become mildewed and hence disfigured. An excellent type of hamper is one which is also a low seat, convenient for dressing purposes, putting on children's shoes, etc.

Some type of rack for airing and drying underwear, silks and similar light pieces should be provided in the bathroom unless otherwise placed conveniently to the sleeping quarters. Too often Summer garments are thrown aside to be washed when only an overnight airing would enable them to be worn another time.

There are several models in lightweight tubular metal racks of the folding type which may be fastened to the bathroom wall or to the back of the door or above the bath. Another kind of three-way folding wood rack folds into small space but opens out to accommodate the equivalent of about fifty feet of clothesline.

Clothing should not be ventilated in the bedroom closet nor should shoes be kept in clothes closets, but in a location which will allow their thorough airing after being worn.

The bathroom scale is now an accepted part of all standard bathroom equipment. New models pour from the factories almost every day, and simplicity combined with striking enamels harmonizing with every bathroom color scheme characterizes the new features. Select a scale which has the indicator dial and its figures so large and so clear that they may be read easily from above by the person weighing himself.

If, as the insurance companies affirm, a large percentage of home accidents are caused by slipping upon emerging from the bathtub, it would seem wise to invest in several small vacuum bathmats.

These rubber composition mats are made with a vacuum cup construction on their reverse or bottom side, thus they hug the floor, even a tile floor, and cannot skid when the bather sets his wet feet on the mat.

The bathroom vanity or dressing-table is another most useful and attractive accessory for milady or her daughters, before which they may powder, pluck or paint to their hearts' content. Such small tables have non-spot surfaces made of composition enamels, and are colored in opalescent or delicate boudoir tones.

The single or maybe the triple mirror mounted above the table, and its lower convenient beauty or manicure drawer, makes the piece more useful in the bathroom than it would be even in the bedroom. This is because today's hair styles, shampoo, complexion rites etc., demand the use of water, bacteria and other liquids and lotions—none too desirable when used near or on the highly polished wood top of the usual furniture dresser.

But mention of such a suitable article to be installed in the bathroom raises the question, "Are our bathrooms built big enough?" And the answer must be (as far as the average home and apartment are concerned) an emphatic "No!"

Just why the bathroom has been made increasingly smaller and smaller, no builder will explain, but the fact is that the average bathroom is so constricted that not a single health or beauty program can be followed in it with genuine comfort. The writer speaks feelingly on this subject, having twice in the past two years really suffered from such a cell-like bath.

In one the hand-bowl could not be used for shampoo purposes, as it was too shallow; there was no adjacent surface or shelf on which to stand bottles, etc.; no means of connecting an electric beauty aid, and the towel-bar placed over the tiny tub served only to let the towels fall into it and get beautifully wet.

One of the few times in my life that I have really enjoyed a spacious bath was in a farmhouse. There it was possible actually to look out of the window and have a view. One could manipulate the Turkish towel over one's shoulders without knocking one's knuckles into either the wall on one side or the door on the other and there was a grand and enormous old wooden kitchen table on which to scatter every toilet possession in splendid confusion.

And calm! The farmer's wife had taken an old armchair—quite regal it was—and draped it in a voluminous bath towel, making a comfortable place to dry oneself after a bath. There was such spaciousness and ease and restfulness that all the efficiency of our boasted modern plumbing was lost sight of.

Quite seriously, somebody has got to do something about making bathrooms more commodious and functional. Even space has not been studied to keep pace with needs, nooks with the many accessories, electric and otherwise, which the manufacturer is daily making for our convenience and beautification.

Why not a clothes-chute from the bathroom wall down to the laundry direct—and thus no hallway hamper?

Why not a small heater, electric, of course, built into the lower bathroom wall?

Why not a medicine closet that is designed to really hold bottles—most of which are just a sixteenth of an inch too tall, and thus must be stood somewhere outside, exposed in too obvious a view?

Why not a wall-sanette or sanitary can to receive the many petty articles and waste bound to be found in every bathroom?

Why not shelves of the right disposition and width between to hold towels and all the other linen and medical articles necessary in every family?

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Prune Juice, Cereal Goldenrod Eggs, Toast, Coffee. *Luncheon (Company)* Canned Crab Flakes and Corn in Casserole, Shredded Green Salad, French Dressing, Tomato Clover Leaf Rolls, Cantaloupe, Iced Coffee. *Dinner* Brunswick Stew, Corn Dodgers, Chilled Cucumber Salad, French Dressing Pineapple Tapioca.	*Breakfast* Grapefruit Juice, Cereal, Poached Eggs with Bacon, Toasted Rolls, Coffee. *Luncheon* Tamale Pie, Tomato Salad, French Dressing, Apple Sauce, Cookies, Iced Tea or Punch. *Dinner* Breaded Veal Cutlets, Buttered Noodles, Ten-Minute Cabbage Slaw, Shredded Prune Salad, Honey Dressing, Apple Pie with Cream Cheese Topping.	*Breakfast* Pineapple Juice, Whole Grain Cereal, French Toast, Blackberry Jelly, Coffee. *Luncheon* Spaghetti Italienne and Parmesan Cheese, String Beans, Asparagus Salad, Chives Dressing, Lemon Biscuits, Iced Fruit Punch. *Dinner (Picnic)* Cold Sliced Corned Beef or Beef Loaf, Green Potato Salad, Celery, Mixed Pickles, Chocolate Marshmallow Roll, Ginger Ale Frappe.	*Breakfast* Orange Juice, Cereal, Rolled Sausage Omelet, Toast, Half Cups Coffee. *Luncheon* Broiled Fresh Fish, Lemon Cups, Buttered Potatoes, Green Peas, Fruit Tartlets. *Dinner* Tripe (New Orleans Style), Vegetables in Casserole, Frozen Bread Pudding with Devonshire Cream.	*Breakfast* Tomato Juice, Cereal, Cheese Cream Toast, Coffee. *Luncheon* Cream of Pea Soup, Tomato Jelly, Deviled Eggs and Lettuce Salad, Banana Popovers, Iced Cocoa. *Dinner (Picnic)* Fish Stew (Florida Style), Corn Pones, Rolls, Potato Salad, Shredded Cabbage Salad, Cantaloupe.	*Breakfast* Blackberry Juice, Cereal, Pancakes, Bacon, Coffee. *Luncheon* Eggs a la King with Waffles, *Cress and Lettuce Salad, Fine Herbs Dressing, Fruit Gelatin with Sliced Oranges, Cookies, Iced Tea or Punch. *Dinner* Chilled Tomato Juice with Sea Food Garnish, Lamb Chops, Baked Potatoes, Green Vegetables, Green Bouquet Salad with Roquefort French Dressing, Chocolate Blanc Mange, Whipped Cream.	*Breakfast* Iced Cantaloupe, Soft Cooked Eggs, Toast, Coffee. *Luncheon* Chilled Fruit Cocktail, Maryland Chicken with Cream Gravy, Steamed Rice, Buttered Okra, Buttered Beans, Tomato and Cucumber Salad French Dressing Chocolate Peppermint Ice Box Cake *Supper* Macaroni Salad Garnished with Stuffed Beets, Olives Sandwiches, Lemon Sherbet, Hermits or Brownies.

Suggestions from Old Cook Books

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Fricassee of Chicken
(Old Style.)

DISJOINT a young hen, wash thoroughly and cover with boiling water. Boil five or six minutes, reduce heat and simmer gently for two or three hours, cool. Dip each piece in flour and let cook in fat from salt pork until delicately browned on both sides. Slice about ¼ pound fresh mushrooms. Cook 1 dozen very small white onions in salted water until tender. Thicken the chicken broth with flour blended with a little cold water. Season to taste with salt and black pepper. Turn into the pan in which the chicken has been fried and bring to boiling point. Pour over the chicken, the mushrooms and the onions and simmer gently about ten minutes. Garnish with toast triangles and serve hot.

Apple Pandowdy.

HAVE ready 3 cups sliced tart apples. Put about half of the apples in a greased baking dish. Sprinkle with sugar and a grating of nutmeg. Add remaining fruit and sprinkle with sugar, nutmeg and about 2 tablespoons water. Cover with rich baking powder biscuit crust and make several slits in top so that steam can escape. Bake in a hot oven at about 400 degrees F. Serve hot with or without cream or hard sauce.

Vinegar from Fruit Juices and Jellies.

PLACE left-over fruit juice and jelly in a clean jug (covered with a clean cheesecloth) in a warm place until it ferments. By adding a little vinegar "mother" the process will be shortened. Strain into bottles and seal.

Lemon Biscuits.

MIX and sift 3 cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 4 teaspoons baking powder and ½ teaspoon soda. Work in 6 tablespoons butter or other shortening. Add 1 cup fresh or evaporated milk soured with ¼ cup lemon juice and 1 teaspoon grated lemon peel. Mix lightly and turn out on bread-board, sprinkle with a little flour. Pat and roll, cut in small rounds, brush with melted butter and bake in a hot oven at about 400 or 450 degrees F. for 10 or 12 minutes.

Pear Conde.

WASH 1 cup rice and cook in 2 cups boiling water and 1 cup milk with 1 teaspoon salt until tender and liquid is absorbed. A double boiler is highly desirable as there is no danger of having the rice scorch. Turn rice into small molds and chill. Turn out and serve on a platter surrounded by halves of canned pears. Fill the pear cavities with 1 pint crushed and sweetened berries. Pour about 1 pint of crushed and sweetened berries over the rice. Serve with whipped cream.

Devonshire Cream.

PLACE a pan of fresh sweet milk (just taken from cow) in a cool place from 12 to 24 hours. Then place over heat and bring very slowly to scalding point without boiling. Remove to cold place from 8 to 12 hours. Skim off cream which will have a delicious flavor and serve with berries, with junket, etc. Whipped cream is frequently substituted for Devonshire cream.

American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3474 GLORIOUSLY YOUNG FOR AFTERNOONS. THIS DAINTY FROCK EDGES ITS COOL CAPELETS WITH CRISP RUFFLES AND ACCENTS ITS SMART YOKES WITH BUTTONS. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3420—FOR A LIFE UNDER BRIGHT SKIES, YOU'LL BE DELIGHTFULLY COOL IN THIS CHARMING MODEL WITH NOVEL RAGLAN SLEEVES AND TRIM SKIRT PANEL. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3475—TO CARRY YOU STRAIGHT THROUGH THE HOTTEST MONTHS, CHOOSE THIS DEBONAIR SPORTSTER. YOU'LL LIKE THE BRIEF YOKE SLEEVES AND BECOMING COLLAR. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3406—SLIM LINES FOR THE SMART MATRON IN A FLATTERING FROCK THAT BOASTS GRACEFUL SLEEVES AND UPRISING SKIRT PANEL. IDEAL IN PRINTED SHEER. Designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch fabric and ¼ yard of ribbon.

Pattern 3476. THE SLENDERIZING SURPLICE OF THIS CHIC WARM-WEATHER FROCK IS ENHANCED BY FAINTY RUFFLES. THE POINTED SKIRT YOKE MAKES YOU SEEM TALLER. Designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch fabric.

PRICE OF PATTERNS, 15 CENTS EACH

Every pattern contains a large, complete, easily-followed sewing guide. To order these easy-to-make patterns, write plainly PATTERN NUMBERS AND SIZES DESIRED, YOUR NAME, YOUR STREET ADDRESS, CITY AND STATE. Enclose 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for each pattern, and address your envelope to

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"YOU'RE THE ONE I LOVE.."
NOW I KNOW IT'S A NICE COMPLEXION MAKES A GIRL LUCKY IN LOVE! IT WAS A GOOD DAY FOR ME WHEN I BEGAN TO REMOVE COSMETICS THOROUGHLY WITH LUX TOILET SOAP —GUARD AGAINST COSMETIC SKIN!

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APPLY IN A JIFFY—LASTS ALL DAY
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THERE'S OLIVE OIL IN HIS POWDER!

BECAUSE of its superior "slip" Z.B.T. Baby Powder has no equal in preventing chafing in your baby's tender skin folds. It is one of the unique advantages of Z.B.T.'s olive oil content. Free from zinc in any form, Z.B.T. is approved by Good Housekeeping and your baby! Large 25¢ and 50¢ sizes.
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OLIVE OIL BABY POWDER

YOUR BABY'S MOUTH
BAD GOOD
Which will you make it?
So much depends on the kind of nipple your baby uses. Davol Sani-Tab nipples let the mouth shape itself naturally . . . Save teeth-straightening later. Anti-colic protection, too . . . Send for new free booklet that tells and shows you why.
DAVOL
Dept. A-12
Davol Rubber Company
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Without cost or follow-up, please send me the new booklet, "NIPPLES . . . How to Buy the Best for Your Baby."

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Tight—all day
Klutch" forms a comfort cushion; holds the plates so snug they can't rock, drop, chafe or be placed wrong, and not a seed can get under them. You can eat and speak as well as you did with your own teeth. Don't endure loose plates another day. "Klutch" will end your troubles 25¢ and 50¢ at druggists'. If your druggist hasn't it, don't waste money on substitutes, but send us 10¢ and we will mail you a generous trial box.
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You can make at home a

now when it is so economical and easy to do. Full directions in your own home.

ROUGH SKIN
Don't be discouraged! Make your own skin whitening and clearing lotion. Full directions in Mercolized Wax booklet. Get an ounce of Mercolized Wax and a booklet at your druggist's. Use as directed and be rewarded with a clear, velvety skin. Results are guaranteed.
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Cuticura
Soap 25¢. Ointment 25 and 50¢. Talcum 25¢.

THIS, as other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, is read by one out of every five families in the United States.

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- No deposits to pay.
- No empties to return.
- Half the weight to carry.
- Stacks in ½ the space in your refrigerator.
- Non-refillable.

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The hotter the day, the deeper the satisfaction of your favorite beer. Especially when you pour it—cool, thirst-quenching and refreshing—from the can trade-marked "Keglined". Every summer day, beer lovers are discovering the joy of good, cool beer in this handy° new container. *Now's the time to try it yourself.* Now's the time to order a compact carton—to serve in your home or take with you on picnics.

Look for the word

on the side of every can of beer you buy

On the air: **BEN BERNIE** *and all the lads. Every Tuesday Evening 9 P. M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time—NBC Network.*

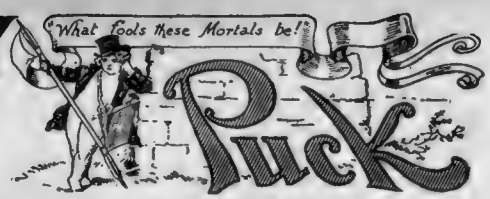
AMERICAN CAN COMPANY WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF TIN CONTAINERS

THE COMIC WEEKLY

SECTION OF THE

BOSTON ADVERTISER

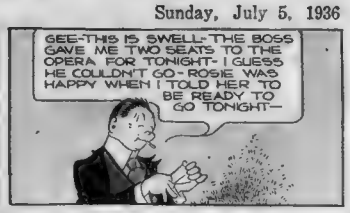
Sunday, July 5, 1936



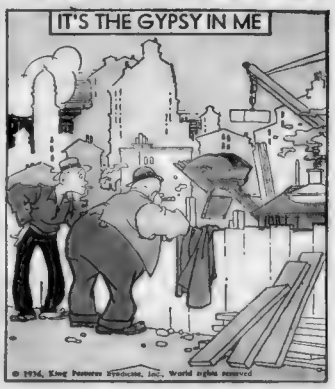
Rosie's BEAU

BY GEO. McMANUS

Registered U. S. Patent Office


SEE-THIS IS SWELL-THE BOSS GAVE ME TWO SEATS TO THE OPERA FOR TONIGHT- I GUESS HE COULDN'T GO- ROSIE WAS HAPPY WHEN I TOLD HER TO BE READY TO GO TONIGHT—

LOOK-THE BOSS GAVE ME TWO SEATS TO THE OPERA FOR TONIGHT AN' WHEN I TOLD HIM I HAD THREE KIDS-HE GAVE ME THREE MORE-
HE GAVE YOU FIVE?



THE BOSS GAVE ME TWO SEATS TO TH' OPERA FOR TONIGHT—
I GOT ONE, BUT I GAVE MINE TO A BOOTBLACK
IS TH' BOSS GOOFY? HE GAVE ME A LOT OF TICKETS TO TH' OPERA—
I GOT TEN FROM HIM- I'M TAKING A LOT OF KIDS IN MY NEIGHBORHOOD-

ROSIE DARLING I DON'T THINK WE SHOULD GO TO TH' OPERA- I'D MUCH RATHER SIT AND TALK TO YOU-
SOMEONE SENT ME SIX TICKETS- WHAT'LL I DO WITH THEM-?
7-5

Bringing Up Father

Registered U. S. Patent Office

I THINK I'LL INVITE MR. CALATERAL TO COME TO TH' HOUSE TONIGHT. IF I GO TO THE CLUB WE WILL BE ANNOYED BY OTHER MEMBERS AND WILL NOT BE ABLE TO TALK BUSINESS—

AN' BESIDES, I'D LIKE TO HAVE YOU MEET HIM- HE'S PRESIDENT OF TH' TRIANBORROW BANK-
WHY, THAT'S JUST LOVELY- HE'S A SOCIALITE- MR. BEN A. FICIARY HAS SPOKEN OF HIM SO OFTEN- I THINK IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO INVITE HIM OVER TO MEET ME.

AND I THINK IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO INVITE MR AND MRS SNOOTYPUSS JUST TO SHOW THEM WE ARE ACQUAINTED WITH HIM AND I KNOW MISS MARY ANYGUY WOULD LOVE TO MEET HIM- JUST A MINUTE WHILE I 'PHONE HER-
?

OH- MRS. YUTELLEM- I'M SO GLAD YOU CALLED- COULD YOU COME OVER THIS EVENING? OH- THAT'S FINE- JUST BRING THEM WITH YOU- OH- YES- BRING THE CHILDREN ALONG, TOO-
DON'T FORGET THE 'DOG-

MARY- GO NEXT DOOR AND TELL MRS. LA VELLIERE I'D LIKE HER TO COME OVER TONIGHT AND TO BRING HER BROTHER AND SISTER-
VERY GOOD, MUM-

HELLO- MR VAN WAGON- DO COME OVER THIS EVENING AND BRING YOUR CHARMING WIFE- OH- THAT'S ALL RIGHT- BRING MRS. ETTA HAMBURGER ALSO-

I'M ALONE-
SHE SHOULD BE-
SHE SAID SHE CAME UNPREPARED TO SING AN' SHE IS RIGHT-
WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THE FOREIGN SITUATION?
I CAN'T SAY NOW- THERE ARE LADIES PRESENT-
SHE HAS LAST YEARS COAT ON-
AND THEY DO SAY-
MY BUSINESS IS FINE- I MANUFACTURE RED INK-
YES- AND I'M STILL BUYING IT-
IT MUST BE WONDERFUL TO KNOW SO MANY PEOPLE, MR. JIGGS-
GEO. McMANUS
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7-5

JUNGLE JIM BY ALEX RAYMOND

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

AS JIM, CHUNG AND KOLU MAKE THEIR WAY INTO THE MOUNTAINS SURROUNDING BLUGER'S CAMP, A MONGOL SENTRY OPENS FIRE ON THEM.....CHUNG COLLAPSES.....

THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO, KOLU.....HE'S DEAD..... DID YOU SEE WHO DID IT?

YES, TUAN.....ME SEE MONGOL RIDER UP IN HILLS.....HIM RIDE AWAY LIKE LIGHTNING!

WE'RE IN A TIGHT SPOT, KOLU.....WE'D BETTER TAKE WHAT SUPPLIES WE CAN CARRY, STAMPEDE OUR HORSES AND PROCEED ON FOOT.....WE'LL MAKE LESS NOISE THAT WAY....AND SMALLER TARGETS....

ME THINK BETTER TRAVEL BY NIGHT, TOO.....

JIM AND KOLU PROCEED UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS

LOOK....TWO SOLDIERS.... BLUGER'S MEN, MAYBE

LISTEN....I'VE AN IDEA, KOLU.....IT'S A DESPERATE PLAN, BUT WE MUST GET THEIR CLOTHING!

MEANWHILE, AS DEREK BLUGER CONTINUES HIS QUESTIONING OF LYNNE CHALMERS

FOOL! CAN'T YOU SEE THAT I'M BUSY? I LEFT ORDERS THAT I WAS NOT TO BE INTERRUPTED!

VELLY SORRY, SIR....BUT HORSEMAN FROM HILLS REPORTS THE COMING OF THREE FOREIGNERS.....HE SHOT ONE, BUT THE OTHER TWO ESCAPED

7-5

NEXT WEEK — BLUGER'S TRAP

Flash Gordon

① THE UNDERSEA QUEEN, UNDINA, DOOMS DALE AND ZARKOV TO BE MADE INTO WATER-BREATHERS.....PLUTON ADJUSTS THE VALVES, WHILE FLASH LOOKS ON HELPLESSLY.....

② AMAZING EXPERIENCE.....HOW QUEER TO BREATHE WATER! THE EARTH SCIENTISTS WOULD NEVER BELIEVE THIS POSSIBLE!

UNDINA! PLUTON! TAKE CARE OF DALE....DON'T LET HER DIE!

DON'T WORRY... SHE'LL LIVE ONLY TOO LONG IN PLUTON'S CARE!

AH, YES! SHE'LL MAKE ME A NICE WIFE.....SHE HAD BETTER!

③ PLUTON, I WANT YOU TO TEACH FLASH THAT I AM SUPREME HERE.....I WANT HIM TO COME CRAWLING TO ME!

AND CRAWL HE WILL, MY QUEEN!

④ LEAVE HER ALONE, YOU DOG! I WAS ONLY ASKING HER HOW SHE FELT.....

LISTEN, SWEETHEART... PRISONERS ARE NOT ALLOWED TO TALK, EXCEPT TO ME!

OH, STOP, YOU'RE HURTING ME!

⑤ ALL RIGHT, THEN.....I'M TALKING TO YOU NOW! YOU WOULDN'T DARE TOUCH HER IF I WASN'T SAFELY CHAINED HERE! IF I EVER GET FREE, I'LL KILL YOU!.... THE SAME AS I'D KILL ANY TREACHEROUS, CRAWLING SNAKE!

⑥ YOU TALK TOO MUCH, EARTHMAN.... I'LL QUIET YOU! I'LL HAMMER THOSE WORDS RIGHT DOWN YOUR THROAT!

YOU....YOU BEAST!

NEXT WEEK: TRICKERY

7-5

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Tune In on Your Radio for More Thrilling Adventures of FLASH GORDON and JUNGLE JIM

THE VAN SWAGGERS BY RUSS WESTOVER

Registered U. S. Patent Office

TILLIE TOILER FASHION PARADE

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#0792
SEND 15¢ TO TILLIE'S PATTERN DEPT., #635 SIXTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY FOR DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING THIS CROCHETED HAT AND BAG - WRITE PLAINLY NAME, ADDRESS AND STYLE NUMBER

Tillie the Toiler

Registered U. S. Patent Office

SAY, DID YOU HEAR THE LATEST? THAT LIFE-GUARD AT SEABRIGHT BEACH MARRIED THE HEIRESS HE WAS RUNNING AROUND WITH
WELL, THERE GOES ANOTHER HANDSOME MAN - I WONDER WHO'LL TAKE HIS PLACE?

WELL, I ONLY HOPE THE NEW ONE IS AS HANDSOME AS THE ONE LAST YEAR
SO DO WE
SAY, HOW LONG HAVE THEY BEEN WAITING TO SEE THIS NEW LIFE-GUARD?
OH, THIS GOES ON FOR HOURS AND HOURS

WELL, LOOK ME OVER - THEY DIDN'T HAVE A LIFE-GUARD SO I GOT THE JOB
GOOD GRIEF!
LIFE GUARD
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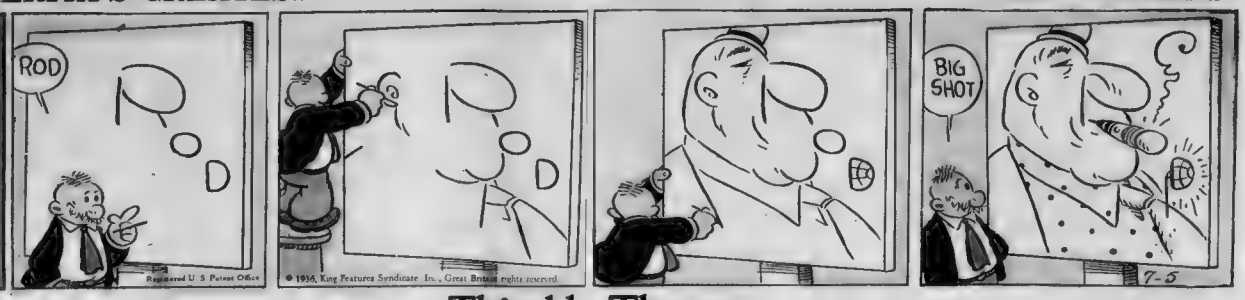
RUSS WESTOVER

SAPPO



Thimble Theatre

I HEAR THERE ARE VERY LARGE FISH IN THIS BAY. I AM GLAD, FOR I SHALL HAVE A CHANCE TO SHOW MY PISCATORIAL ABILITY
YA KIN FISH HERE — SWEE'PEA AN' ME'LL GO UP A WAYS
WIMPY TALKIN' ABOUT HIS PISCATORIOUS ABILIKY — POOEY! I YAMA BETTER PISCATOONIST THAN HE IS! I GOT A BITE
THE HOOK COME OUT, BUT I PUT HIM AWAY UP ON THE SHORE!
OH, MY GORSH!
I KIN NOT GET A HOLT OF HIM! SWEEPEA, COME OUT OF THERE BEFORE YA GETS DIGESTIPATED!
FLIP
FLOP
!
!
FLOP
GONE!
OH— OH, GORSH! SWEE' PEA!
POOR SWEE'PEA POOR LITTLE BABY KID
I'LL FISH TILL I CATCH THAT BLASTED FISH AGAIN IF IT TAKES A 2 HUNERD YEARS
WHAT A BEAUTY! MERCY ME!! A MONSTER!
AND NOW I'LL CATCH HIS MATE - IF PERCHANCE HE HAD A MATE
SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF
?
?
?
GLOP
SWEE'PEA!
FROM NOW ON I'LL BELIEVE ANYTHING!
EGAR
7-5.
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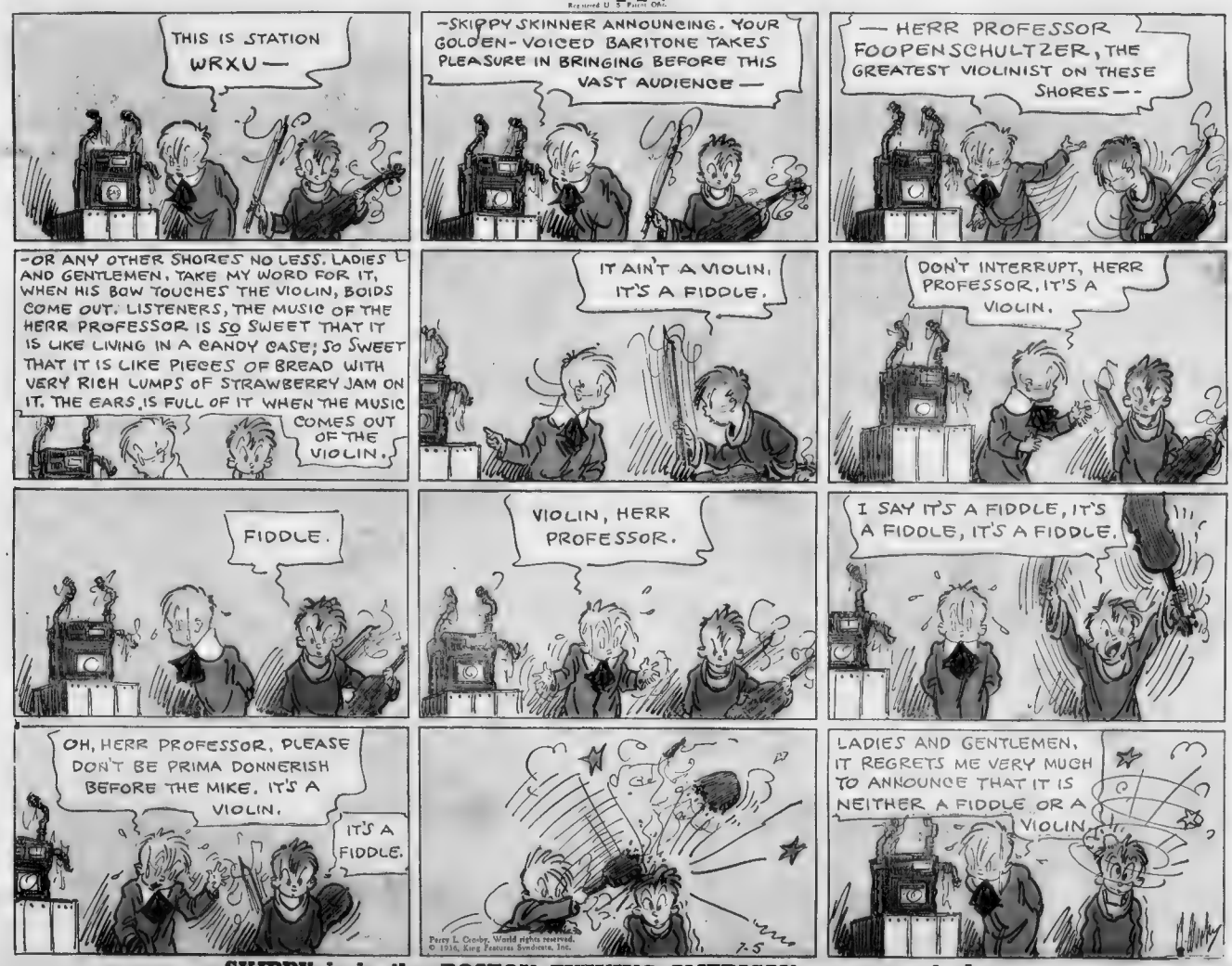
You can enjoy POPEYE every week day in the BOSTON EVENING AMERICAN

ALWAYS BELITTLIN
BY PERCY CROSBY
Registered U. S. Patent Office.
UNCLE OLAF WENT FISHIN' LAST NIGHT AN' HE CAUGHT SOME DANDIES.
THE SMALLEST ONE IS THAT BIG.
COME ON UP FOR DINNER.
NO, THANKS.
WHY NOT?
I DON'T CARE FOR SARDINES.
Percy L. Crosby. World rights reserved. © 1936, King Features Syndicate, Inc.
7-5

Skippy

Registered U. S. Patent Office

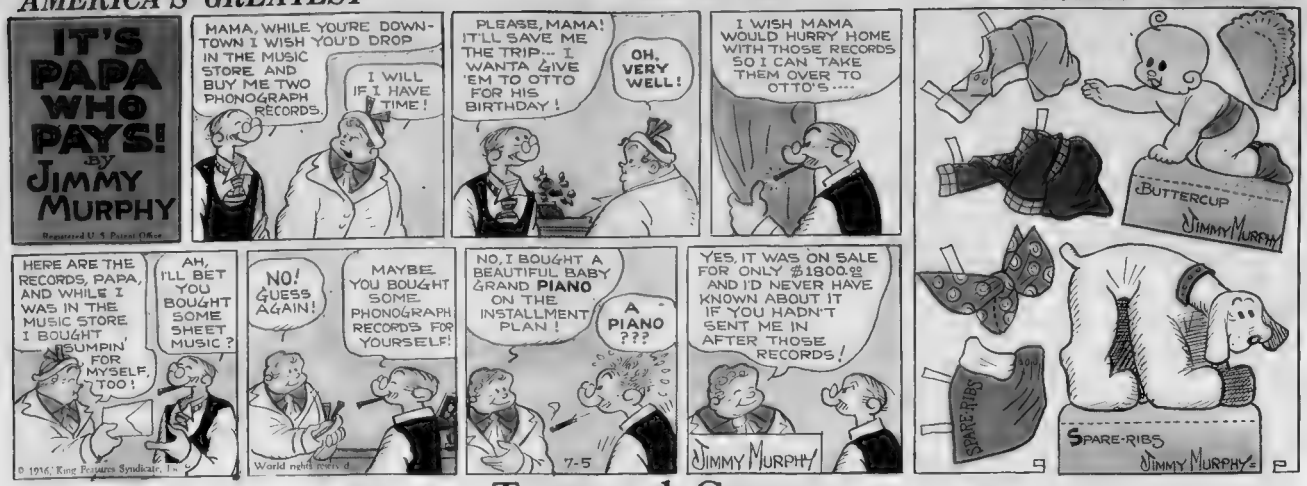

THIS IS STATION WRXU—
—SKIPPY SKINNER ANNOUNCING. YOUR GOLDEN-VOICED BARITONE TAKES PLEASURE IN BRINGING BEFORE THIS VAST AUDIENCE—
—HERR PROFESSOR FOOPENSCHULTZER, THE GREATEST VIOLINIST ON THESE SHORES—
—OR ANY OTHER SHORES NO LESS. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, TAKE MY WORD FOR IT, WHEN HIS BOW TOUCHES THE VIOLIN, BOIDS COME OUT. LISTENERS, THE MUSIC OF THE HERR PROFESSOR IS SO SWEET THAT IT IS LIKE LIVING IN A CANDY CASE; SO SWEET THAT IT IS LIKE PIECES OF BREAD WITH VERY RICH LUMPS OF STRAWBERRY JAM ON IT. THE EARS IS FULL OF IT WHEN THE MUSIC COMES OUT OF THE VIOLIN.
IT AIN'T A VIOLIN, IT'S A FIDDLE.
DON'T INTERRUPT, HERR PROFESSOR, IT'S A VIOLIN.
FIDDLE.
VIOLIN, HERR PROFESSOR.
I SAY IT'S A FIDDLE, IT'S A FIDDLE, IT'S A FIDDLE.
OH, HERR PROFESSOR, PLEASE DON'T BE PRIMA DONNERISH BEFORE THE MIKE. IT'S A VIOLIN.
IT'S A FIDDLE.
Percy L. Crosby. World rights reserved. © 1936, King Features Syndicate, Inc.
7-5
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IT REGRETS ME VERY MUCH TO ANNOUNCE THAT IT IS NEITHER A FIDDLE OR A VIOLIN

SKIPPY is in the BOSTON EVENING AMERICAN every week day

IT'S PAPA WHO PAYS!

By JIMMY MURPHY

Registered U. S. Patent Office


MAMA, WHILE YOU'RE DOWN-TOWN I WISH YOU'D DROP IN THE MUSIC STORE AND BUY ME TWO PHONOGRAPH RECORDS.
I WILL IF I HAVE TIME!
PLEASE, MAMA! IT'LL SAVE ME THE TRIP··· I WANTA GIVE 'EM TO OTTO FOR HIS BIRTHDAY!
OH, VERY WELL!
I WISH MAMA WOULD HURRY HOME WITH THOSE RECORDS SO I CAN TAKE THEM OVER TO OTTO'S····
HERE ARE THE RECORDS, PAPA, AND WHILE I WAS IN THE MUSIC STORE I BOUGHT SUMPIN' FOR MYSELF, TOO!
AH, I'LL BET YOU BOUGHT SOME SHEET MUSIC?
© 1936, King Features Syndicate, Inc.
NO! GUESS AGAIN!
MAYBE YOU BOUGHT SOME PHONOGRAPH RECORDS FOR YOURSELF!
World rights reserved.
NO, I BOUGHT A BEAUTIFUL BABY GRAND PIANO ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN!
A PIANO ???
7-5
YES, IT WAS ON SALE FOR ONLY $1800.00 AND I'D NEVER HAVE KNOWN ABOUT IT IF YOU HADN'T SENT ME IN AFTER THOSE RECORDS!
JIMMY MURPHY
BUTTERCUP
JIMMY MURPHY
SPARE-RIBS
SPARE-RIBS
JIMMY MURPHY

Toots and Casper

Registered U. S. Patent Office

GEE, WE DID A LOT OF WORRYING FOR NOTHING, CASPER··· YOUR BOSS WASN'T AT ALL MAD ABOUT HIS BRACELET···
HE SURE IS A GOOD SCOUT, TOOTS!
I'M GLAD MY BRACELET WAS STOLEN FROM CASPER··· IT WAS INSURED AND NOW I'LL GET BACK EXACTLY WHAT I PAID FOR IT···· BUT THE JOKE IS I WAS THINKING OF SACRIFICING IT FOR HALF WHAT IT COST ME····
DICK, I'VE BEEN LOOKING HIGH AND LOW FOR YOU TO TELL YOU ABOUT THE BRACELET····
THAT'S WHAT I'VE COME TO TELL YOU ABOUT, TOO, CASPER··· I TOLD YOU I'D TRY TO GET IT BACK FOR YOU!
I KNEW ALL THE HANG-OUTS, BUT COULDN'T GET A LINE ON WHO STOLE IT UNTIL I DECIDED TO TRICK THE GUILTY CROOK INTO ADMITTING IT BY HITTING AT HIS VANITY····
SAY, I'LL BET THAT BRACELET JOB WAS DONE BY AN OUT-OF-TOWN CROOK··· NO STICK-UP GUY IN THIS BURG WAS CLEVER ENOUGH TO DO IT!
OH, I DON'T KNOW!
GAZE ON THIS, PAL! I'M JUST LETTIN' YA SEE IT TO SHOW YOU WE AIN'T SO SLOW HERE EITHER!
CHEE, IT WAS "SPIKE" WHO STOLE IT···
I WENT OUT AND CHANGED MY CLOTHES TO AVOID BEING RECOGNIZED··· THEN RETURNED AND WAITED IN AMBUSH FOR SPIKE TO COME OUT···
HE SOON APPEARED AND AS HE PASSED WHERE I WAS HIDING I STEPPED FORWARD··· SHOVED MY GAT INTO HIS RIBS, AND···
STICK 'EM UP!
?
HERE'S THE BRACELET, BUT I HOPE SPIKE NEVER FINDS OUT IT WAS ME WHO HELD HIM UP AND TOOK IT AWAY FROM HIM!
DICK, YOU TOOK CHANCES ON YOUR LIFE.
A MAN FROM THE INSURANCE COMPANY IS HERE WITH A CHECK FOR YOU, SIR!
I'VE BEEN EXPECTING HIM, GRIMES!
JIMMY MURPHY
YES, SHOW HIM IN, GRIMES!
HMM··· THE GENTLEMAN HAS A CHECK OF $18625.00 FOR ME! HOW FORTUNATE THAT THE BRACELET WAS INSURED!
© 1936, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved.
QUICK, CASPER··· LETS HURRY TO YOUR BOSS WITH THE BRACELET!
HE'LL BE TICKLED PINK WHEN WE HAND IT TO HIM··· OH, TAXI···!
7-5.
NOW LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN CASPER RUSHES INTO THE BOSS' OFFICE WITH THE BRACELET.
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

by ZANE GREY

Registered U. S. Patent Office

KING HAS RESCUED BETTY BLAKE FROM THE TANANA MINE IN ALASKA WHERE SHE HAD BEEN HELD PRISONER BY CROOKED EMPLOYEES OF HER FATHER'S ESTATE. NOW A STRANGE MEETING IS ABOUT TO OCCUR IN THE DESERTED BLAKE MILL

HELLO, JARVIS-I'VE BEEN WAITING HOURS FOR YOU!

YOU'RE LUCKY YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO WAIT LONGER- WHAT'S UP?

THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO KNOW. WHY DID YOU CABLE FOR ME TO COME HERE!?

SEND FOR YOU? ARE YOU CRAZY? YOU SENT FOR ME! HERE'S THE CABLE

TELEGRAM

WILLIAM JARVIS
BLAKE BLDG
VANCOUVER, B.C

MEET ME OLD POINT GORE MINE FIFTH URGENT

HALL

WE'VE BEEN FRAMED! I DIDN'T SEND THAT MESSAGE AND EVIDENTLY THE ONE I GOT DID NOT COME FROM YOU. SOMEBODY IS ON TO US, JARVIS!

WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THE GIRL?

SHE GOT AWAY WITH THE HELP OF SOMEONE WHO KNEW WE WERE HOLDING HER PRISONER

IT'S WORKED SO FAR. NOW IF THEY WILL JUST TIP THEIR HAND AS TO WHAT THEY ARE GOING TO DO NEXT

AN INTERESTED EAVESDROPPER LISTENS TO THE CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE LAWYER AND THE MINE FOREMAN

LISTEN, HALL- THE MAN WHO FREED BETTY BLAKE IS THE SAME ONE WHO SENT THESE FAKE MESSAGES. HE WANTED US TO BE HERE AND IT'S A CINCH HE ISN'T FAR AWAY-- COME ON!

BUT KING, NOT WISHING TO BE IDENTIFIED, GALLOPS AWAY FROM THE OLD MILL

C.F.

THERE HE GOES- HE WAS LISTENING TO US!

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7-5

CONTINUED.

Little Annie Rooney

Registered U. S. Patent Office

By Brandon Walsh

IS IT GOING TO BE A BASEBALL GAME?

HOW COULD IT BE A BASEBALL GAME? IT DON'T START UNTIL EVENIN'

THEY PLAY BASEBALL AT NIGHT SOME PLACES!

LISTEN - IT ISN'T BASEBALL, OR FOOTBALL OR HANDBALL - BUT HOLD ON TO YOUR TICKETS, CAUSE MR. BULLION SAYS IT'S TO BE GRAND!

I DON'T EVEN KNOW, MYSELF, WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN - BUT WHATEVER IT IS - IT WILL START JUST SO SOON AS IT GETS DARK!

IT WILL BE THE GREATEST DISPLAY THE WORLD EVER SAW. I ALWAYS HOPED I'D LIVE TO SEE THE DAY SOMEBODY WOULD BE WILLING TO SPEND SOME MONEY!

TAKE IT EASY-- KEEP IN LINE-- THERE ARE PLENTY OF SEATS FOR ALL! TAKE IT EASY!!

GEE- IT'S ONLY A BAND CONCERT

WELL, IT'S A WONDERFUL BAND AND THE PEANUTS, CANDY AND ICE CREAM ARE ALL FREE!

YOU KNOW WHAT? THERE'LL BE FIREWORKS!

A-A-A-AH!

O-O-O-O!

BEAUTIFUL!

LOVELY!

HONEST, MR. BULLION, I THINK YOU'RE GRAND!

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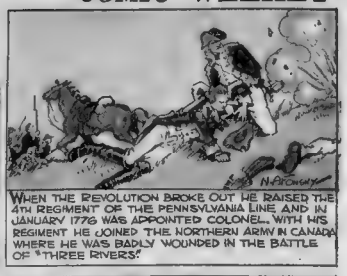
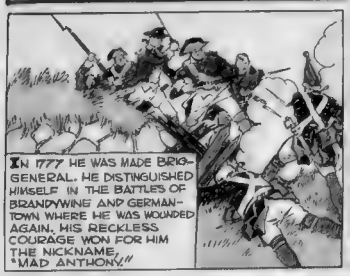
HEROES of AMERICAN HISTORY

BORN IN EASTON, CHESTER CO, PA. ANTHONY, AFTER RECEIVING A GOOD ENGLISH EDUCATION IN PHILADELPHIA, WAS APPOINTED A LAND AGENT IN NOVA SCOTIA. RETURNING, HE MARRIED AND UNTIL 1774 WAS A FARMER AND SURVEYOR IN PENNSYLVANIA.

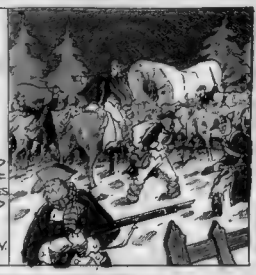


WHEN THE REVOLUTION BROKE OUT HE RAISED THE 4TH REGIMENT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA LINE AND IN JANUARY 1776 WAS APPOINTED COLONEL. WITH HIS REGIMENT HE JOINED THE NORTHERN ARMY IN CANADA WHERE HE WAS BADLY WOUNDED IN THE BATTLE OF "THREE RIVERS."



IN 1777 HE WAS MADE BRIG-GENERAL. HE DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF IN THE BATTLES OF BRANDYWINE AND GERMAN-TOWN WHERE HE WAS WOUNDED AGAIN. HIS RECKLESS COURAGE WON FOR HIM THE NICKNAME, "MAD ANTHONY."

DURING THE DREADFUL WINTER AT VALLEY FORGE WAYNE WAS SENT OUT TO NEW JERSEY TO FORAGE. SURPRISING THE ENEMY HE SUCCEEDED IN CARRYING OFF LARGE SUPPLIES OF CATTLE AND FORAGE FOR THE STARVING CONTINENTAL ARMY.



IT WAS OF THIS EXPEDITION THAT THE WITTY MAJOR ANDRE WROTE THE SONG SET TO THE MUSIC OF "YANKEE DOODLE" WHICH ENDED AS FOLLOWS:

"BUT NOW, I END MY LYRIC STRAIN....
I TREMBLE AS I SHOW IT,
LEST THIS SAME WARRIOR-DROVER WAYNE,
SHOULD EVER CATCH THE POET"

AND SURE ENOUGH WHEN ANDRÉ WAS SEIZED AS A SPY, HE WAS DELIVERED INTO THE HANDS OF THIS SAME "WARRIOR-DROVER!"

IN 1779 WAYNE GLORIFIED HIS NAME BY ACCOMPLISHING A GREAT EXPLOIT. IT BECAME IMPORTANT FOR WASHINGTON TO CAPTURE "STONY POINT" ON THE HUDSON A STRONG FORT AND IMPORTANT LINE OF COMMUNICATION BETWEEN NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY. WASHINGTON WORKED OUT THE PLAN AND ASKED WAYNE IF HE WOULD STORM THE FORT.

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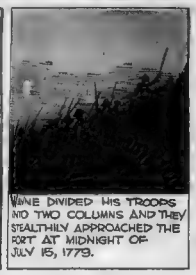
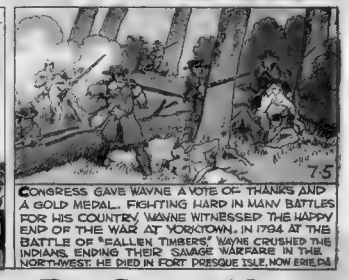


WAYNE DIVIDED HIS TROOPS INTO TWO COLUMNS AND THEY STEALTHILY APPROACHED THE FORT AT MIDNIGHT OF JULY 15, 1779.

THE SURPRISED ENEMY MET THE AMERICANS WITH HEAVY MUSKETRY FIRE AND GRAPESHOT. A MUSKET-BALL STRUCK WAYNE ON THE HEAD BRINGING HIM DOWN, BUT HE ORDERED HIS AIDES TO PICK HIM UP AND CARRY HIM FORWARD. THE AMERICAN BAYONET CHARGE WAS IRRESISTIBLE AND THE FORT WITH ITS AMPLE STORES AND 500 SOLDIERS FELL INTO THE HANDS OF THE VICTORS.

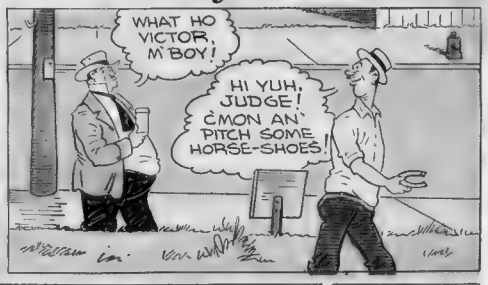


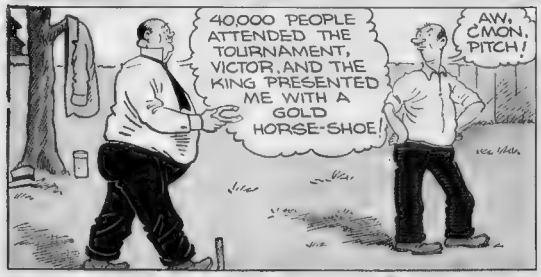
CONGRESS GAVE WAYNE A VOTE OF THANKS AND A GOLD MEDAL. FIGHTING HARD IN MANY BATTLES FOR HIS COUNTRY, WAYNE WITNESSED THE HAPPY END OF THE WAR AT YORKTOWN. IN 1794 AT THE BATTLE OF "FALLEN TIMBERS" WAYNE CRUSHED THE INDIANS, ENDING THEIR SAVAGE WARFARE IN THE NORTH-WEST. HE DIED IN FORT PRESQUE ISLE, NOW ERIE, PA.

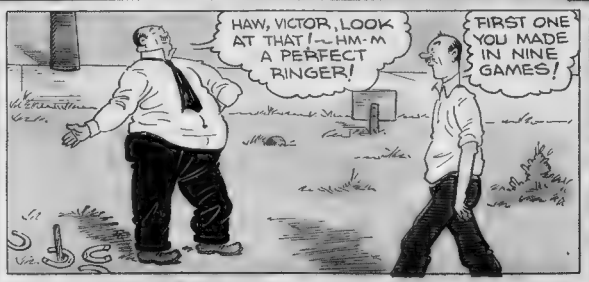
Room and Board

Registered U. S. Patent Office

By Gene Ahern







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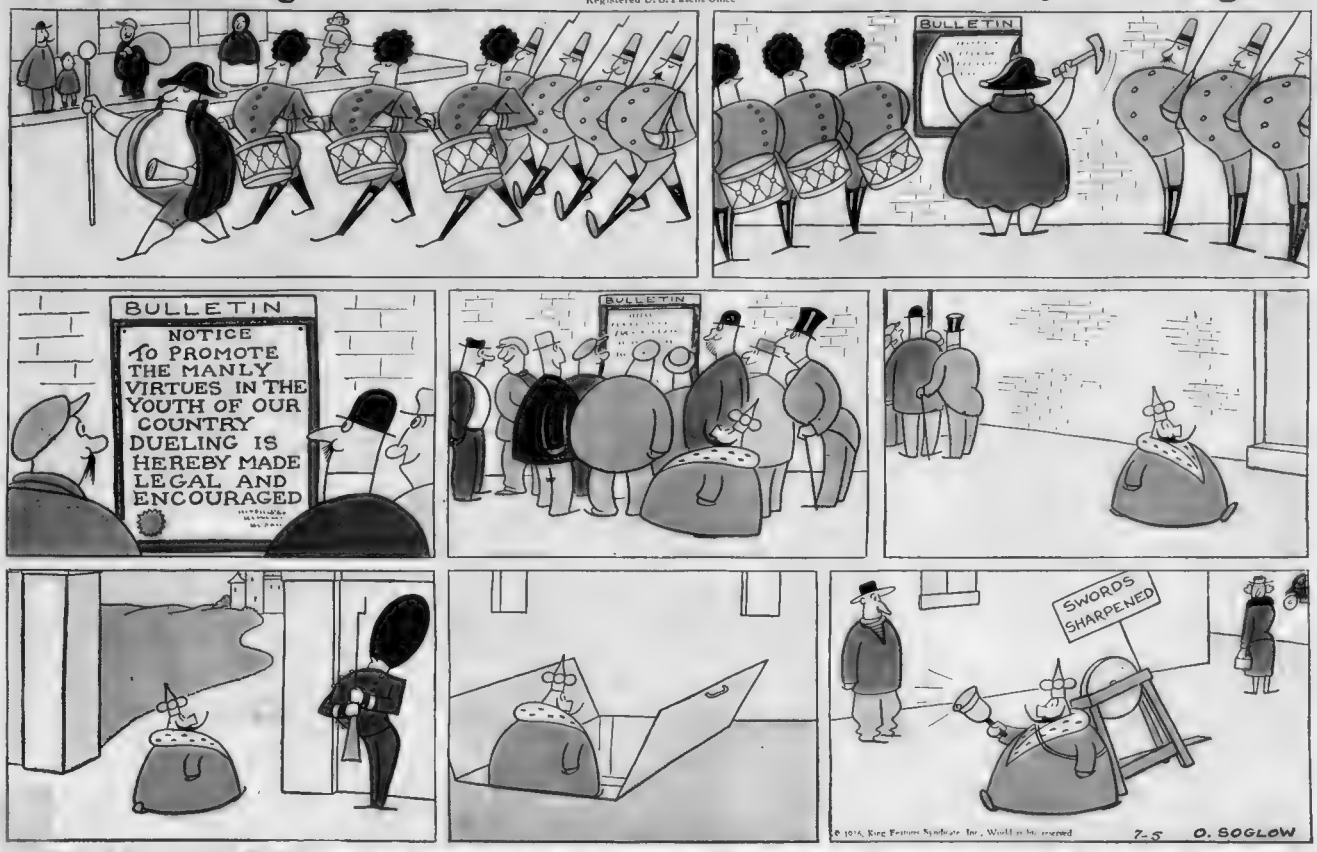
AGNES, THIS IS JUDGE PUFFLE, OUR NEXT MAYOR!—THE JUDGE IS HONORING US BY STAYING FOR DINNER!
THE FAME OF YOUR CULINARY ART, MRS. SNAGGELHOF, IS THE ENVY OF ALL THE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSEWIVES!
VICTOR, GO GET SOME ICE CREAM FOR DESSERT!
GENE AHERN
7-5

The Little King

Registered U. S. Patent Office

By Otto Soglow


BULLETIN
NOTICE
TO PROMOTE THE MANLY VIRTUES IN THE YOUTH OF OUR COUNTRY DUELING IS HEREBY MADE LEGAL AND ENCOURAGED
BULLETIN
SWORDS SHARPENED
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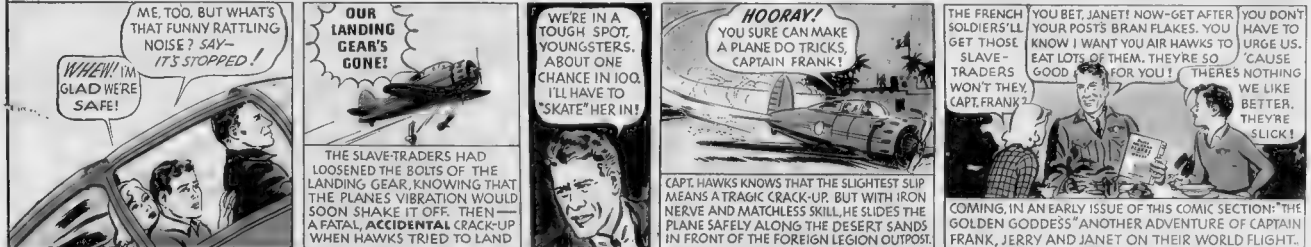
7-5
O. SOGLOW

CAPTAIN FRANK HAWKS, HOLDER OF MORE AVIATION RECORDS THAN ANY LIVING PILOT, AND HIS YOUNG FRIENDS, JERRY AND JANET, CHARTER MEMBERS OF THE AIR HAWKS CLUB, ARE WING-ING THEIR WAY OVER THE BURNING SANDS OF THE GREAT SAHARA DESERT.
THERE IT IS! THERE'S THE OASIS. WE'RE GOING TO LAND FOR WATER KIDS!
THE OASIS OF LIVING DEATH
An adventure of CAPTAIN FRANK HAWKS ON HIS FLIGHT AROUND THE WORLD WITH JERRY AND JANET
AN ADVERTISEMENT FOR POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES
THERE YOU ARE. A REAL CAMEL CARAVAN!
BUT THOSE MEN! THEY LOOK BAD TO ME!
YEAH.. AND THEY SEEM KIND OF STARTLED TO SEE US!
CAPTAIN FRANK! I HEARD A MOAN FROM ONE OF THOSE HAMPERS!
GREAT HEAVENS! THESE MUST BE SLAVE-TRADERS! AND THE SLAVES ARE HIDDEN IN THOSE HAMPERS. IT'S A LIVING DEATH FOR THOSE POOR DEVILS!
OH!
SH-H! WE MUST GET OUR WATER, WANDER AROUND SO THEY WON'T SUSPECT US.. THEN FLY TO THE NEAREST POST OF THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION. —CAREFUL NOW!
WHAT'LL WE EVER DO?
CAPT. FRANK HAWKS
NA-A- WE CAN'T TOUCH 'EM HERE. THE LEGION'D COME LOOKING FOR 'EM AND SPOIL OUR GAME. WE GOTTA FIX THAT PLANE SO THEY CRASH ACCIDENTAL-LIKE! LISTEN—I GOT IT..
BUT—THEIR CAUTION IS WASTED! ALREADY THEY ARE SUSPECTED AND THE SLAVE-TRADERS HATCH A DEVILISH PLOT!


ME, TOO. BUT WHAT'S THAT FUNNY RATTLING NOISE? SAY— IT'S STOPPED!
WHEW! I'M GLAD WE'RE SAFE!
OUR LANDING GEAR'S GONE!
THE SLAVE-TRADERS HAD LOOSENED THE BOLTS OF THE LANDING GEAR, KNOWING THAT THE PLANES VIBRATION WOULD SOON SHAKE IT OFF. THEN— A FATAL, ACCIDENTAL CRACK-UP WHEN HAWKS TRIED TO LAND
WE'RE IN A TOUGH SPOT, YOUNGSTERS. ABOUT ONE CHANCE IN 100. I'LL HAVE TO "SKATE" HER IN!
HOORAY! YOU SURE CAN MAKE A PLANE DO TRICKS, CAPTAIN FRANK!
CAPT. HAWKS KNOWS THAT THE SLIGHTEST SLIP MEANS A TRAGIC CRACK-UP. BUT WITH IRON NERVE AND MATCHLESS SKILL, HE SLIDES THE PLANE SAFELY ALONG THE DESERT SANDS IN FRONT OF THE FOREIGN LEGION OUTPOST.
THE FRENCH SOLDIERS'LL GET THOSE SLAVE-TRADERS WON'T THEY, CAPT. FRANK?
YOU BET, JANET! NOW-GET AFTER YOUR POST'S BRAN FLAKES. YOU KNOW I WANT YOU AIR HAWKS TO EAT LOTS OF THEM. THEY'RE SO GOOD FOR YOU!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO URGE US. 'CAUSE THERE'S NOTHING WE LIKE BETTER. THEY'RE SLICK!
COMING, IN AN EARLY ISSUE OF THIS COMIC SECTION: "THE GOLDEN GODDESS" ANOTHER ADVENTURE OF CAPTAIN FRANK, JERRY AND JANET ON THEIR WORLD FLIGHT..

SO DELICIOUSLY DIFFERENT

How you'll love these crunchy, golden flakes! . . . with the deliciously different nut-like flavor! What a tempting treat they are with strawberries, sliced peaches or bananas . . . *any* fruit or berries! But that is not all! Eaten daily, they help keep you fit! For they help supply the bulk food many diets lack. *And adequate bulk is necessary for keeping fit.* So start eating Post's 40% Bran Flakes—the original bran flakes—right away . . . and join Capt. Frank's Air Hawks. A Post Cereal—made by General Foods.

Every boy and girl has an equal chance to win one of these swell $35 bikes.

Boys and Girls!—**JOIN CAPTAIN FRANK'S AIR HAWKS!**

FREE BIKES! *AND MANY OTHER FREE PRIZES!*

ONLY Capt. Frank's Air Hawks can get one of these FREE Bikes . . . and the many other wonderful free prizes! Just send coupon at right with one Post's 40% Bran Flakes box-top to Capt. Frank Hawks. He will then enroll you in his Air Hawks . . . send you your official Wing-Badge. (For Membership Ring send 3 box-tops.) He'll tell you how to enter the FREE Bike contest . . . and send you a catalog of all the other valuable Free Prizes.

AIRVIEW FIELD GLASSES. You don't miss a trick when you have these genuine Super-Sight Airview Field Glasses. Complete with strap and suede case (at right).

POLICE WHISTLE. Finished in handsome nickel. Matching chain with hook makes it easy to carry in lapel, on belt or key ring.

OFFICIAL BOY SCOUT SIGNALLER. Get this Radio-Blinker-Telegraph and learn the Morse Code by new, simple method explained in accompanying 16-page booklet.

OFFICIAL WING-BADGE. Two-tone silver finish. Blue letters. Capt. Frank's head in center. Free for 1 BOX TOP

MEMBERSHIP RING. 24 carat gold finish Propeller embossed in center. Adjustable to any finger. 3 BOX TOPS

SEE CATALOG FOR THESE AND ALL THE OTHER FREE PRIZES!

PNC-74-M

CAPT. FRANK HAWKS
c/o Post's 40% Bran Flakes, Battle Creek, Michigan
I enclose . . . Post's Bran Flakes package tops. Please send me the items checked below.
☐ Official Wing-Badge. (Send 1 package top.)
☐ Membership Ring. (Send 3 package tops.)

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

(Offer good only in U.S.A., and expires Dec. 31, 1941)

BUNKY

Billy DeBeck

YOUNG MAN--YOU HAVE BEEN OF GREAT SERVICE TO ME AND MY MEN IN THIS GILHOOLEY RANSOM MATTER··· IT'S ONLY A QUESTION OF A FEW HOURS TILL WE ROUND UP THE WHOLE GANG, INCLUDING VIPER FAGIN···

FORTUNATELY, FAGIN HASN'T THE REMOTEST IDEA THAT THE OLD LADY'S PURSE CONTAINED THE RANSOM NOTES··IT WOULDN'T SURPRISE ME IF THE RASCAL WERE ON A SPENDING SPREE THIS VERY MOMENT···

TH' KID'S GOT ALL TH' EARMARKS OF A G-MAN··

THE KID'S RIGHT, CHIEF. WE BETTER COVER EVERY EATING JOINT AN' POOL HALL IN THE CITY···

MEANWHILE··IN THE DEN OF THE NOTORIOUS BLACK WIDOW SPIDER GANG···

DE NEX' TIME YOUSE LET SOME PUNK SWITCH VER POCKET BOOK DON'T BODDER COMIN' BACK, SEE ?? I ORTER SMACK YOUSE TO SLEEP !!!

IT WON'T HAPPEN AGIN, BUTCH··· GIMME ANOTHER BATCH O' THEM TWENTIES·· I PROMISE TER PASS EVER' ONE OF 'EM AN' BRING YOUSE BACK DE CHANGE·

OKAY, WIDDER··· I'M GONNA START YOUSE OUT WIT' FIFTY "TWENTIES." DIS TIME WATCH YER STEP···

AN' LISSEN··IF YOUSE SPOT ANY FLAT-FOOTS FOLLERIN' YOUSE, SCRAM FER RATSY'S WATER FRONT HIDE-OUT SAVVY ???

LUNCH

JULY 5

MURDERATION !!! TH' MUG WHO SNITCHED MY POCKET-BOOK LAS' WEEK !!!

NIX-NIX-LADY !! DON'T SCREAM !! DON'T CALL TH' COPS·· I'LL GIVE YOUSE BACK EVER' ONE O' DEM TWENTY-DOLLAR BILLS !!!

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HELP! HELP!

TIME'S A-WASTIN' !!!

LIFE GUARD

Barney Google

Registered U. S. Patent Office

NEW SUIT AN' EVER'THING·· BOY··OH, BOY !!! HAVE I GOT A DATE WITH THE SWEETEST LITTLE ANGEL ON THE MOUNTAIN ??? TOODLE··OOO TIME'S A-WASTIN'·

MARCY ME !!! MISTOFER G.··SICH PURTY PERFUMEY HIT FAIRLY INTOSTICATES ME (SNIF)

GOOGLE, I SW'AR YORE PLUMB TETCHED IN TH' HAID···

AT THE RATE MR.G SKEETED OUT'N HYAR I BETCHA HE ARE HAF-WAY TER MISS SNAFFLES BY NOW

NAOW, PAW··· SIMMER DOWN·· MISTOFER GOOGLE ARE A RITE CLEVER-HEARTED FELLER, ATTER ALL··

WHUT DID YE SAY, JUGHAID··· MISS··· WHO ??

MISS BIRDIE MAE SNAFFLE ??? WAAL··EF THET DON'T TAKE TH' RAG OFF'N TH' BUSH··I DON'T KNOW WHUT DOES··

WHAR BE YE A-GOIN', PAW ???

TH' MORNIN' COME··STILL, SAFT, SUNSHINEY; ROOSTERS CROWIN', HENS SINGIN', BIRDS CHIRPIN', TUCKEYS GOBBLIN'··JES' TH' DAY TER SUN QUILTS, KICK, KISS, SQUEAL AN' MAKE LOVE···

The heart that was scornful and cold, ez a stun
Has surrendered at last to the fortinit one···

MY DEAR, DEAR MISS SNAFFLE·· HOW CHARMING YOU LOOK THIS EVENING···

OH, MR. GOOGLE··· YOU FLATTER ME SO···DO COME IN AND HAVE A CUP OF TEA··

GREAT SCOTT !!! AIN'T THERE ANY PRIVACY AROUND HERE ??

JULY 5

SICH SOCIABILITUDE !!!!

DEBECK

Radio PATROL

by EDDIE SULLIVAN and CHARLIE SCHMIDT

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

HAVING MISSED CAPTURING "THE HARE" - ELUSIVE GEM THIEF, AS HE RECONNOITRED THE MOREGAIN MANSION WHERE A WEDDING IS ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE - PAT AND MOLLY FEEL THAT HE WILL RETURN - AND SO THEY SET A TRAP

SAMMY, YOU CAMP UNDER THAT RECEPTION-ROOM WINDOW - PINKY, YOU LOOK OVER THE GUESTS COMING AND GOING - MOLLY WILL BE INSIDE .. I'LL TAKE THE BACK

MR. MOREGAIN THINKS IT'S SILLY OF US TO EXPECT THE HARE TO RETURN HERE

HIGH NOON AND WEDDING CHIMES PEAL FORTH

MY DEAR, YOU HAD BETTER GIVE ME YOUR PENDANT UNTIL AFTER THE CEREMONY... THE POLICE HAVE WARNED ME OF A THIEF ..

- BUT, FATHER

HE SEEMS TO HAVE BECOME TERRIBLY DISTURBED OF A SUDDEN — TOO SUDDENLY..... I WONDER —

MOLLY DASHES UPSTAIRS TO MR. MOREGAIN'S SUITE

- JUST AS I THOUGHT

THE HOUNDS HAVE CAUGHT UP WITH YOU, MR. HARE ! - HAND OVER THAT PENDANT !

GO AHEAD - SHOOT - IF YOU WANT THE BRIDEGROOM TO BE A WIDOWER

THE HARE LEAPS OUT THE WINDOW

AFTER HIM, IRISH !

AS IRISH SPRINGS, THE HARE USES HIS FOUNTAIN-PEN ANESTHETIZER

SORRY, POOCH !

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CHARLIE SCHMIDT 7-4

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

THIS PRINCE ALBERT CERTAINLY HAS A SWELL AROMA — I GUESS THE FOLKS DOWN SOUTH HAVE BEEN RAISING GOOD TOBACCO FOR A LONG TIME, EH, JUDGE ?

YES, INDEED, TOBACCO-GROWING HAS A VERY COLORFUL PLACE IN OUR HISTORY. IT REACHED A HIGH DEGREE OF DEVELOPMENT LONG BEFORE THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR

A PLANTER IN THE ROLLING UPLANDS RECEIVES A LETTER FROM THE COAST —

CAPTAIN THORPE HAS RETURNED FROM ENGLAND — HE REPORTS A FINE SALE OF OUR LAST SHIPMENT OF TOBACCO. I MUST START ANOTHER

SO, BOUND FOR TIDEWATER, THE FAMILY CHAISE LEADS A CAVALCADE OF STURDY OXEN DRAWING CARTS HEAVILY LOADED WITH CASKS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO —

I AM WELL-PLEASED WITH THE SALE YOU MADE OF MY TOBACCO, MASTER THORPE

IN LONDON, SIR, THEY DO CONSIDER IT HIGHLY PRINCELY IS THE TERM THEY USE, NOW, LET ME SHOW YOU THE FINE SILKS AND LACES YOUR LADY ORDERED FROM LONDON-TOWN

SPLENDID - LOOKING PIPES YOU BROUGHT ME, CAPTAIN

AYE, SIR, THEY BE THE FINEST BROSELEYS. STOW A CARGO O' THAT GOOD TOBACCO OF YOURN IN HER HOLD. CLAP ON A COAL, AN' BLOW ME IF IT AIN'T A FIT SMOKE FOR THE KING!

IT WAS A GOOD LIFE, WASN'T IT?

YES, AND IT LEFT A HERITAGE OF GROWING AND PREPARING GOOD TOBACCO THAT IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS MILD, MELLOW PIPE SMOKE OF MODERN TIMES - PRINCE ALBERT

PRINCE ALBERT IS YOUR TOBACCO

If it's mild, cool, tasty smokin' you want, then get next to Prince Albert. The choice, fragrant tobacco in P. A. is cut in a special way —a "crimp cut"—so it smokes cooler and milder. And, gentlemen, Prince Albert does not bite the tongue. The "bite" is taken out. Your pipe gets a new lease on joy when you load up with Prince Albert. There's no other tobacco like it. P. A. is great for rolling tasty "makin's" cigarettes too.

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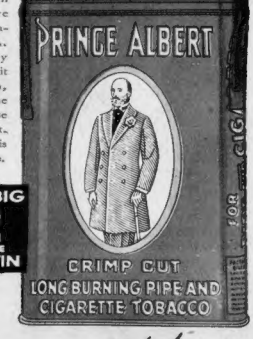


THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

THIS NO-RISK OFFER GUARANTEES "PRINCE ALBERT MUST PLEASE YOU"

SMOKE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS OF PRINCE ALBERT. IF YOU DONT FIND IT THE MELLOWEST, TASTIEST PIPE TOBACCO YOU EVER SMOKED, RETURN THE POCKET TIN WITH THE REST OF THE TOBACCO IN IT TO US AT ANY TIME WITHIN A MONTH FROM THIS DATE, AND WE WILL REFUND FULL PURCHASE PRICE, PLUS POSTAGE

(SIGNED) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert

MICKEY MOUSE

REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE

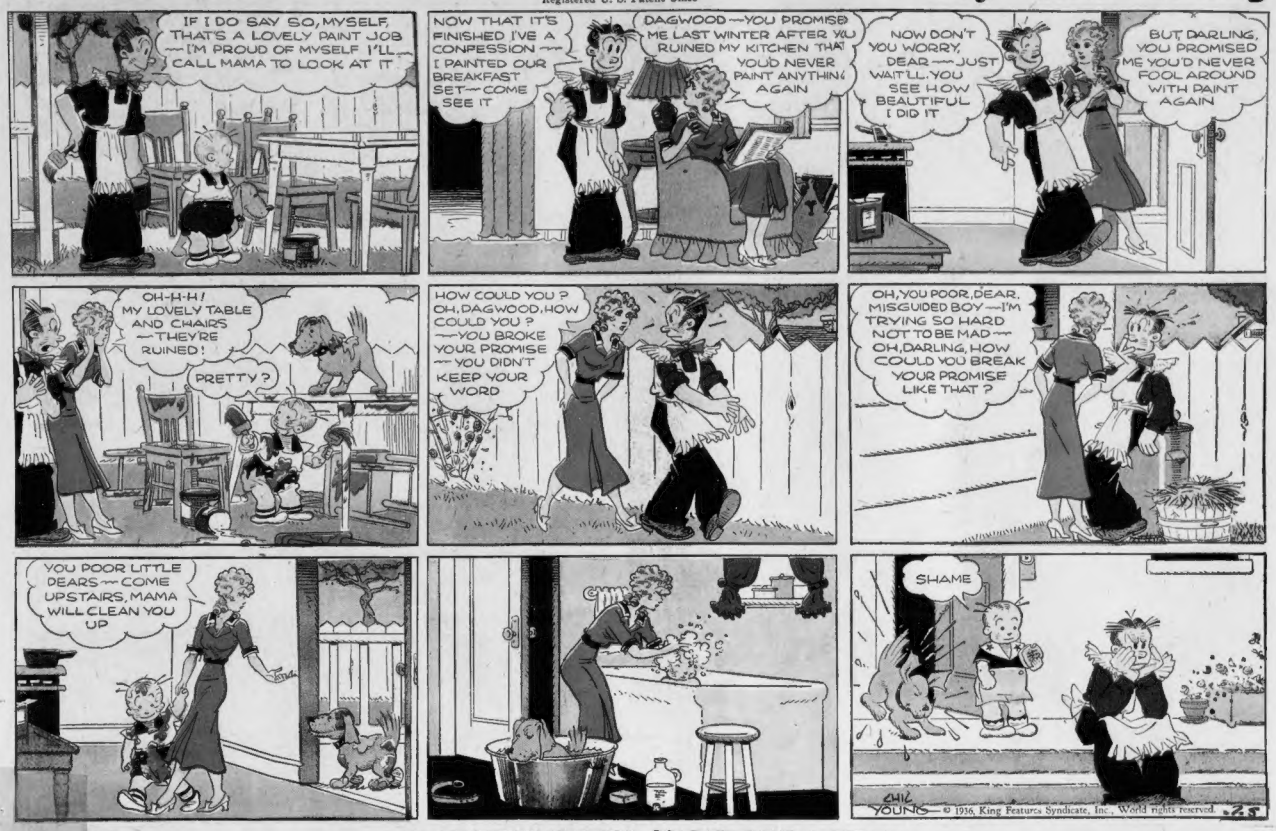
HAVING BEEN ACCEPTED IN ROBIN HOOD'S BAND, MICKEY MUST PROVE HIMSELF BY FIGHTING LITTLE JOHN!
AND NOW, MY SAUCY LAD, I SHALL BASTE THY HIDE AND PLAY A TUNE UPON THY NOGGIN WITH MY QUARTER-STAFF!
YA GOTTA HIT ME, FIRST!
WHACK!
WHOP!
NEATLY PARRIED!
A MASTERFUL BLOW!
F' GOSH SAKES! WHAT HAPPENED?
SO YOU CAN DEFEND THYSELF! VERY WELL! DO SO!
CRACK!
NOW, BY MY TROTH, I WILL KNOP THY SCOP FOR FAIR!
COME ON! I DARE YA!
OOOOOOF!
HOW YA DOIN', BIG BOY?
BOP!
HOLD, MICKEY! THOU HAST WON!
WHERE ART THOU NOW, LITTLE JOHN?
HE DISHEST IT OUT LIKE A MASTER!
THY HAND, LAD! WELCOME TO OUR BAND! THOU PACKEST A WICKED WALLOP IN THY SPINDLY ARMS!
THANKS, PAL! YOU KNOPPEST A PRETTY GOOD SCOP YERSELF!
WALT DISNEY

Tim Tyler's Luck

HOW DID YOU KNOW THE LIBANGI SAVAGES WERE ATTACKING MY CARAVAN, SGT. GATES?
COL. CRAGG, OF THE COLONIALS, DETAILED ME AND MY ORDERLY, TIM, TO MEET YOU SEVERAL MILES UP THE TRAIL FROM HERE = WE HEARD YOU AND YOUR MEN FIRING —
THE SAVAGES KILLED MY BLACK PORTERS AND GUARDS = MY ENTIRE CARGO HAS BEEN STOLEN —
I HAD FIRED MY LAST SHOT WHEN YOU ARRIVED ON THE SCENE, SERGEANT!
WE'D BETTER GET GOING FROM HERE, TAGGERT
YES—THE LIBANGI MAY RETURN — REINFORCED
STAY BACK TILL I EXAMINE THAT BEND IN THE ROAD AHEAD —
THE SERGEANT AND HIS HORSE FALL INTO A TRAP!
HOLD THE HORSE, TIM — I'M GOING TO SEE WHAT'S KEEPING THE SERGEANT
W-WHY DON'T THEY COME BACK?
GEE — WHAT'S MOVING THROUGH THAT HIGH GRASS YONDER?
OOOOH-- LIBANGI SAVAGES!
TO BE CONTINUED—NEXT WEEK

Blondie -:- -:- -:- -:- By Chic Young

Registered U. S. Patent Office


IF I DO SAY SO, MYSELF, THAT'S A LOVELY PAINT JOB — I'M PROUD OF MYSELF I'LL CALL MAMA TO LOOK AT IT
NOW THAT IT'S FINISHED I'VE A CONFESSION — I PAINTED OUR BREAKFAST SET — COME SEE IT
DAGWOOD — YOU PROMISED ME LAST WINTER AFTER YOU RUINED MY KITCHEN THAT YOU'D NEVER PAINT ANYTHING AGAIN
NOW DON'T YOU WORRY, DEAR — JUST WAIT'LL YOU SEE HOW BEAUTIFUL I DID IT
BUT DARLING, YOU PROMISED ME YOU'D NEVER FOOL AROUND WITH PAINT AGAIN
OH-H-H! MY LOVELY TABLE AND CHAIRS — THEY'RE RUINED!
PRETTY?
HOW COULD YOU? OH, DAGWOOD, HOW COULD YOU? — YOU BROKE YOUR PROMISE — YOU DIDN'T KEEP YOUR WORD
OH, YOU POOR, DEAR, MISGUIDED BOY — I'M TRYING SO HARD NOT TO BE MAD — OH, DARLING, HOW COULD YOU BREAK YOUR PROMISE LIKE THAT?
YOU POOR LITTLE DEARS — COME UPSTAIRS, MAMA WILL CLEAN YOU UP
SHAME
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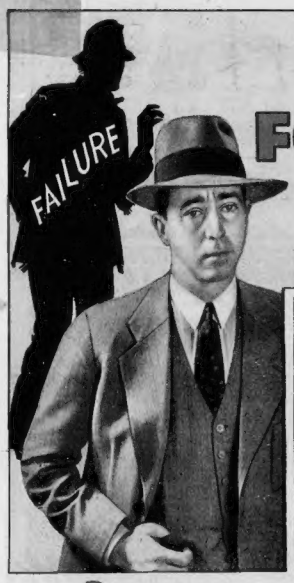
AN ADVERTISEMENT FOR COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

FAILURE FOLLOWED DAN

UNTIL HIS DENTIST TIPPED HIM OFF...



...UNTIL ONE DAY HIS DENTIST TOLD HIM —
YES, DAN, YOU HAVE BAD BREATH, AND MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM FOOD PARTICLES IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.

NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
20¢
LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢
Now—NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE!

Dentists warn: Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

Read How Colgate Dental Cream Protects You!

WHY let bad breath interfere with romance—success—happiness? It's so simple to be safe when you realize that the most common cause of bad breath is *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Dental authorities point out that decaying food deposits, lodged in the hidden crevices between the teeth, are by far the most common source of unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Ordinary cleaning methods, which merely polish exposed surfaces, fail to remove these deposits. Use Colgate Dental Cream. It has a special *penetrating* foam that gets into every tiny crevice—emulsifies and washes away the food and acid deposits that cause bad breath.

And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives a new brilliance to your smile.

Be safe—be sure! Brush your teeth, gums and tongue at least twice daily with Colgate Dental Cream and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath! If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J., We will refund TWICE what you paid.

DINGLEHOOFER UND HIS DOG BY KNERR

Registered U. S. Patent Office

HEFFINS! HOW COULD I STAND IT, MIT DOT DOG UND DER RADIO?. TAKE HIM OUDT!
SOMEBODY GITTIN' MURDERED?
IF YOU LOVE ME LIKE I LOVE YOU, DOLLINK!
OW-OO-OO-OO!

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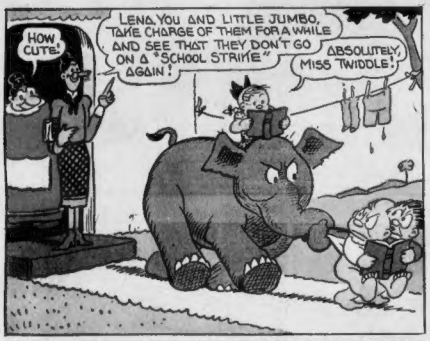
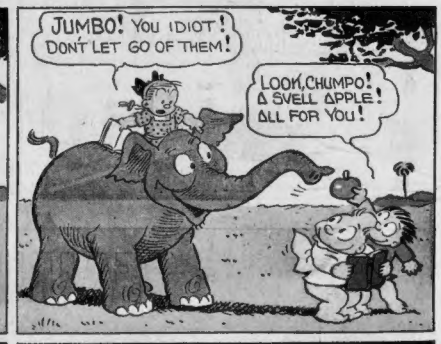
The Katzenjammer Kids

Registered U. S. Patent Office


HOW CUTE!
LENA YOU AND LITTLE JUMBO, TAKE CHARGE OF THEM FOR A WHILE AND SEE THAT THEY DON'T GO ON A "SCHOOL STRIKE" AGAIN!
ABSOLUTELY, MISS TWIDDLE!

DON'T TRY ANY TRICKS! YOU TIED FIRE-CRACKERS TO JUMBO'S TAIL AND YOU KNOW AN ELEPHANT NEVER FORGETS!
NOW LET ME HEAR YOU READ YOUR ROMAN HISTORY!
E PLURIBUS UNUM! VOX POPULI! NUX VOMICA!



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